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The Seed

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Wanderer's

1/21/74

CHICAGO SEED

Slowly, it all came together and here is Volume 4, Number 5 of the Chicago SEED; howdy.

Here We Go Again: Wanderoo, Rick, Terry, Armando, George, Linda, Geary, Mike Abrahams, Dana, Helene, Mike Gold of Conspiracy, Judy, Karl, Al Rosenfeld, Linn, Studs Terkel, Abe Peck, Portola Institute, Eugene Schonfeld, Ordinum Fugitivi, Paul Filth, Mike Gold, The Black Panther Party, Karl Heinz-Meschbach, Peter Petre, Al Koss, Keith Lampe, Marilou, Gilbert Shelton, Skip Williamson, LNS, NLF, George Teniel, Jack Burr, Marshall, The Spokane Natural, The Book of Knowledge, the US Navy Cookbook, Charles Otis, John Hammond, Peter, Marty, Donovan and the Street Sellers, Mrs. Meyer, Bob and Fred Feedstore, Rajah, Ambar, and the cat.

We are back to 24 pages because of a lack of copy and something seems to be happening to our national advertising. Perhaps someone somewhere would like to see the SEED perish and die. At any rate, we'll be back to 28 colorful pages next time and the next and the next. Support your local dealer; support SEED advertisers; support that cat next to you. Everybody must get stoned.

The FREE box is cancelled this issue because of public apathy and private exhaustion.



The wheel of the law turns
without pause.

After the rain, good weather.
In the wink of an eye

The universe throws off
its muddy clothes.

For ten thousand miles
the landscape

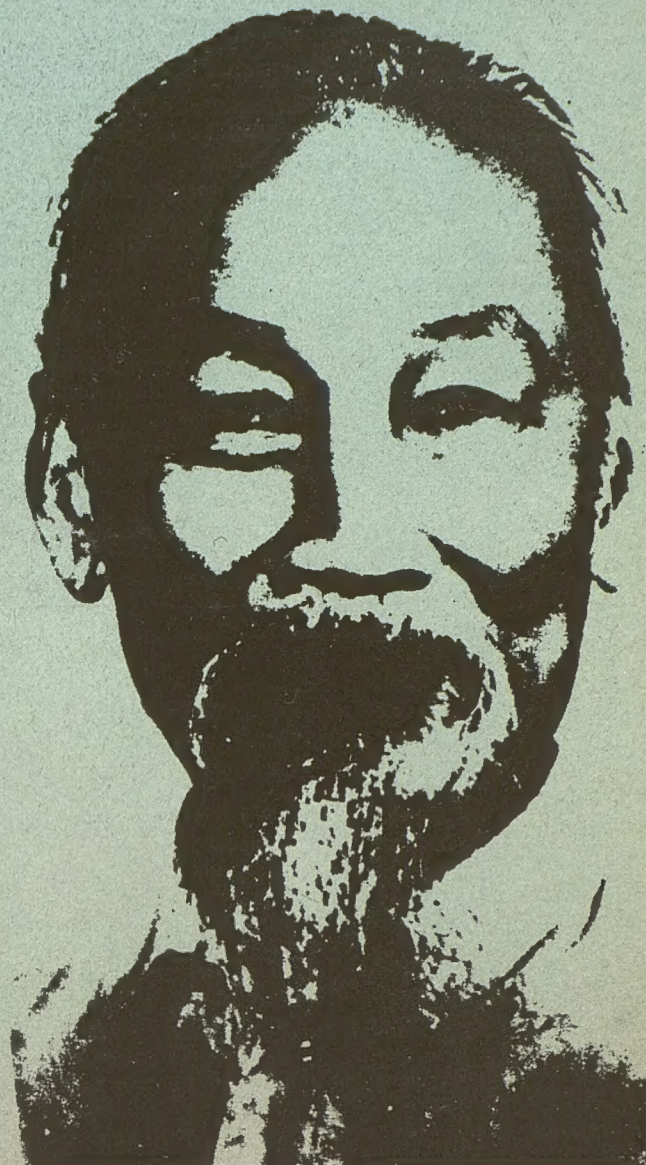
spreads out like a beautiful brocade.
Light breezes. Smiling flowers.

High in the trees, amongst
the sparkling leaves

all the birds sing at once.
Men & animals rise-up reborn.

What could be more natural?
After sorrow, comes happiness.

-Ho Chi Minh
written in prison



August 29th, nine of us went to court. We'd been arrested Sunday, the 17th of August in a small re-creation of the convention. Two po-lice came into the crowd looking for "someone who'd had a fit." Someone threw a stone at one of the po-lice. They first called for help, then came back for the rock thrower. Pointing at someone (not the rock thrower), the accused took off, cops after him, crowd after the cops, plus cap cars coming from all directions. The po-lice caught the guy at the corner of Wells and Monomonee. The crowd caught the cops at the corner, a few more bottles, boards and stones were thrown, and two more people were arrested. When the pigs split, people took to the street, going north on Lincoln Avenue and south on Wells. The other six of us were arrested on various places on the street. We were all charged with mob action and a few with assault.

After spending eight hours in jail, some of us were bailed out. The rest of the nine, all black or brown, didn't get out until the morning. One guy had to wait until Thursday before someone got up the money he needed. What ate shit about the bail hassle was that we knew better than to let our brown and black brothers sit in jail. Only three of the six whites were movement people, we three fucked up. None of us bothered to make sure those left got out.

When we got into court we knew the case would be continued. We had to sit around until 11 o'clock 'til the states attorney got there. He made it clear that the state was going after us. They're going to push hard for a conviction. We go to trial October 20 at 321 North LaSalle, come and see us there. One of our brothers didn't make it to the hearing. We need \$150 for his bail. There's a warrant out for him so it's important to have his bail before the pigs catch him. Our lawyers are asking us for \$450 to defend all nine. This is a good deal, the fee will barely cover their expenses. Some of us aren't able to pay \$50 each. We need money to make up the difference. If you can help with the money or were a witness to any of the arrests, call or write us at the Seed, 2628 North Halsted, 929-0133.

Seed	2628 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
Conspiracy	28 E Jackson	427-7773
SDS	1608 Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop (Newsreel)	2440 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-Op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Revolutionary Auto Co-Op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Black Panthers	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
Sedgewick Mental Health Center	1900 N Sedgewick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th Street	842-0222
Grace Church	555 W Belden	549-1002
(runaways - random places)		
LSD Rescue		664-1422
Kinetic Playground	4812 N Clark	784-1700
Aragon	1106 W Lawrence	561-8323
Triangle Prod	211 E Chicago	787-7585
Auditorium Theatre	70 E Congress	922-2110
FRED	2744 N Lincoln	348-2246
CADRE	519 W North Avenue	664-6895
Hyde Park Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
American Friends Service	407 S Dearborn	427-2533
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Committee	357 E Chicago	649-8462
PO-lice	(request dist)	922-4747
PO-lice Emer	" "	PO5-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080



PHOTO/UNN/CHICAGO NEWSREEL

On Saturday, August 23rd, a point was made for the city in the estimation of Alderman Barr A. Mucutcheon of the 43rd Ward, more commonly referred to as the Lincoln Park area. That point was that "you just can't take over a street without a permit." The events establishing this "point" were the refusal of a permit for a street festival requested by the Young Lords Organization; and 2), of the haves and the po-lice aligning themselves against the have-nots for a whole day on the corner of a residential street in this community to prevent the same festival. At the end of the day, very tense at moments, two hundred feet of Dayton Street was block-off on the initiative of Deputy Police Superintendent Parker, after conferring with the Young Lords, to permit the people to dance in the street. This was what was requested and denied for fear of precipitating tension.

Initiated by the Young Lords, Alderman Mucutcheon submitted a request for a permit to close Dayton Street and withdrew it after 271 "property-owners, tenants and residents" of the area petitioned the city to withhold permission. Studs Terkel, WFMT-FM, manned a tape recorder during the day and the following dialogue is between Terkel and a propertyownerresident-tenant:

Terkel: "How did this come about, this particular moment we have now?"

Resident: "Well, the people in the community were appraised of the fact that the Young Lords approached the alderman's secretary for a permit for a street closing for their fair. And the general feeling in the community is that these people are not a part of the community or do they represent the people in the immediate area and that we did not want the streets closed for this purpose at all. So the people got together and signed petitions."

The resident indicates that a time element prevented the procuring of more signers, that the petitions were taken downtown to the Mayor's office and he continues, "The city has taken actions to protect what we consider are our civil rights as residents, owners, tenants and businesses within this particular adjacent community, the objection primarily is that the groups that are meeting here in the church, the Young Lords, namely, ah-h-h-h, we find a threat to the community. We don't like the influence that they're having on the children in the community. We resent the defacing of property that has become a real burden and a real problem to the people who are trying to maintain their properties..." He continues, "it is hazardous walking on the street... as a result of these people being in our presence. And they do not belong here." This person felt that if the festival were held that he "would have been backing down on his civil rights..." and adding to their (the Young Lords) strength.

My question at this point is, just who are "The People"? The above propertyownerresident-tenant seems to hold the numbers language of Democracy as grounds for objection. I witnessed the coming and go-

ing of some five hundred people of varying description on that Saturday, from neighborhood radicals and activists to families and people who just plain dig living in this neighborhood. But these people who were there to enjoy the festival weren't into playing paper games.

Terkel's tape captured many aspects of the festival. One which glares is the failure of people to communicate or even open honest channels of communication. Speaking to one elderly woman, a resident for sixty years, of the day care center which the fair was to commemorate, her answer was, "Who needs day care." This woman went on to rap about fifty years ago when "both parents took care of their children... and they (the children) were much better off." Her solution to the problems was to "exterminate the vermine" and things would be much better off.

So the day care center that "no one needs" is already over crowded with Potential applicants. The Young Lords took over the building some months ago and Saturday there were kids playing and making all kinds of kid noises in the basement, working up appetites for the peoples' food in the kitchen. Upon completion, there will be a full time staff of volunteers from doctors, teachers and other professionals to mothers. There will be no charge but contributions from those who can afford it will be accepted. Although the emphasis is Puerto Rico, the community is a potpourri and the center will encompass to its capacity, brown, black, and white.

Best describing the atmosphere of the day is, "explosive." There was a moment of bottle throwing when po-lice arrested one person carrying gasoline for a generator to be used for amplification equipment. A portion of the street filled with people, pushing ensued, rifles came out, a few clubs came into play and credit for averting a major battle goes to cool heads on both sides and especially Deputy Parker and David Rivera representing the Lords.

Despite the polarization of community forces, a street fair was held that day — on the sidewalk. There was plenty of good ethnic food and music and smiles and laughter from everyone in spite of the tension.

At the end of the day, the festivities were moved into the street. Parker and Rivera came to an agreement and the streets became peoples' property from about six that evening to eleven-thirty. At the end of Terkel's tape there's a smiling male voice rapping...

"Back in the old days when the Italians used to throw their feasts over here, everybody came. And as a result, they got a piece of Italian food, learned a little bit about Italian culture, and the Italians were a viable part of the community, and they were appreciated... No body stayed away saying 'I'm not going there 'cause the Daigoes are throwin' a feast.' Everybody came. The food was good, the Chianti was good, and the girls were good; you know, and everybody had a ball... let people come and learn from each other."

Rick

after the rain

Walked down Michigan Avenue last Thursday, on my way to a rally in the Grant Park bandshell, and the clock above the big Pepsi sign winked 7:48, 7:48, 7:49, cool breeze blowing through the trees in the park. A year ago, tear gas, running in the street, cops dancing as cherry bombs exploded at their feet, me my affinity groups holding hands as the pigs rushed us and then retreated. Some folks trying to kick in the IBM window, inch-thick plate glass, succeed in almost breaking a toe. Mad rushes of people, rumors of paratroopers being sent in, baseball sized gas grenades that exploded too quick to throw them back, billows of gas and dust, chiarascuro of bayonets, helmets, blood, TV lights seen through a distant fog, things that looked and felt like a grainy photo. And that same Pepsi sign inscrutably winking the time minute by minute, so that everyone knew exactly when they were maced, hit, gassed, etc. our experiences were chronicled, dissected, analyzed, apologized, categorized, and filed away. And the whole question was reduced to, "Were the police brutal or not?" while the war went and goes on, the ghettos were and are brutalized and the Third World gets ripped off by Amerikan business. Liberals spent most of the fall and winter discussing the behavior of the pigs, while we read the headlines and analyses with guarded approval.

Last Thursday, the 28th, a thousand of the faithful gathered in the Grant Park bandshell to reminisce. A few cops were there, keeping a benevolent eye on things, and the mood infected them too, talking about the heads they had split and the crowds they gassed. A young cop, eager to talk to people, fell into several conversations with longhairs explaining how he was "in the middle of the generation gap," being young yet on the side of the establishment. The longhairs walked away muttering about how torn the poor soul must be. Chairman Fred of the Illinois Black Panther Party got up on the stage and stated that he didn't have a "motherfuckin thing to say." He then talked for half an hour, about how the bald-headed businessmen have "solutions that don't solve, answers that don't answer, creations that don't create" or something like that, and he talked about how he is "so intoxicated with proletarian revolutionary consciousness that we fail to be astronomically intimidated". He asked for donations to the Panther breakfast for children program, which continues, everyday, despite the massive repression heaped on the Panthers by every arm of the establishment. The front rows, young kids mostly, cheered enthusiastically as Fred talked about the Panthers and the revolution, but farther back, where the older and more apprehensive sat, there was pointed silence throughout most of Fred's rap.

After the rally, a TV commentator tried to put the wrap-up on the evening, standing in front of his camera in the middle of the slowly exiting crowd. As he began his fatherly summation, people gathered around, mugging into the camera, then flashing V's and fists and middle fingers, until the newsman cracked his composure and had to start over. He made several false starts, then finally made it all the way through, almost certainly drowned out by the cacaphony of young voices shouting about "revolutionlovehimom," and then managed a game smile as a fourteen year old stuck a bony upraised middle finger in front of the lense. And the cops floated off under baby blue balloons, over the lake and into the smoky dawn.

Armando

ELECTRIC MUD

TWELVE TAKES ON THE AQUARIAN EXPOSITION

1. Music occupies it's consistently weird role. Two-thirds of the crowd can't see, maybe half bother to listen. Music as something to focus in on, music as a pretext for gathering the tribe together.

Sly and the Family Stone steal the show from heavies like raunchy Janis, Choogling Clearwater, sacred Airplane and Devil Hendrix. One hundred thousand people screaming, "Higher! Higher!" while flashing 200,000 peace signs. Canned Heat and Tim Hardin also first-rate. Sound system adequate, but the disruption of being evicted from Walkill, New York by some dippy-burghers leaves it a week away from being o.o. sight.

Sunday morning and the Who is on. Abbie Hoffman runs across the stage and makes a bail appeal for imprisoned White Panther-MC5-Trans-love mutant, John Sinclair after Grateful Dead honcho, Jerry Garcia advises the other musicians not to make "political" announcements. Townshend who had previously kicked a cameraman off the stage, then later thrusts his guitar into Abbie's neck, and the incident is forgotten when the announcer flexes his technology and gives the band a hundred-decibel introduction.

On the way back from the Festival, John's wife Lennie and four White Panthers are busted for possession. But the Man can't bust our music.

2. Sex scene a bit odd. Maybe its the rain above and the mud below, but not all that much balling goes down. Lotsa suburban chickies get uptight about skinny-bathing in the lake but don't regret it when they finally take the plunge. Fair amount of public nudity, about half of which is the result of acid naturalism.

3. The promoters lose over a million because everyone walks through or over the fence. Thirty thousand people squat on the natural amphitheater before the producers get the word. Woodstock Ventures Inc., declares bankruptcy three days after the Festival, but is praying that movie, book, record and undershirt spinoffs save the day.

The Dinosaur is sniffing the air, trying to figure out what's happening upwind.

Hip capitalism flash a la mescaline. Ads in the Times, underground papers, on hip radio say: "Look, we love you. That's no bullshit. Look, we want to love with you again. Dig it, we want to meet in a free atmosphere and do our thing as one. Send \$1, \$2, or whatever you can spare to: Aquarius '70, Box LSD, Radio City Station, New York, New York so that we can serve you and put on another free Festival. Three million charisma dollars later, 600,000 dig on the Festival while the organizers tend to their property in the Bahamas and make a million or two selling ancillary rights.

The Dinosaur gets on idea:

Might Nixon go on the tube and make an announcement... "Kids, I realize that its a tough world, full of dangers not of your making. Kids, your government does not



Al Rosenfeld Woodstock

On the first day one spaced out rock fan performed a spontaneous full gainer from a sixty foot light tower into the muddy cow pasture below. He broke his back. The three day Aquarian Exposition that was Woodstock was not a stepping-stone to the stars.

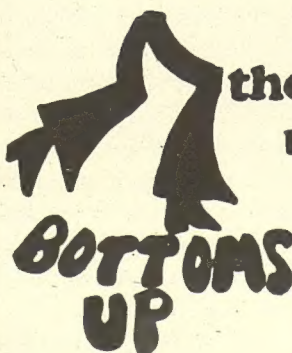
For most, Woodstock meant the definitive gathering of the tribes; a massive pilgrimage to an electrified holy land where high energy communism replaced capitalism and defined itself in the dialectic of micrograms and decibals. At Woodstock political power flowed from the cones of a hundred speakers and gave the paleolithic culture a profetic kick in the ass.

Nothing the promoters had promised, like adequate food for instance, and-water-and-toilets-and-medical facilities materialized. Buried in a mud-hole, the Expo was resurrected by the acid energies of the five hundred thousand crazed psychic shock troops who had come to do battle in a holy war against the elements and the fuckups of the week-end innovators.

Woodstock was the movement politicos thrust headfirst into the drug culture and, like a new born baby in its new alien environs, forced to deal with it on its own terms.

The festival became a peoples thing. Above all else that three day 'vacation' in the Catskills meant sharing, giving of ones self and taking only what one needed in return. Woodstock was an exercise in survival where no one made it without another. And that made it all worth it.

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tastes, sights and sounds.

want to sit by and watch you be consumed with worry. We are opening Yellowstone National Park to our nation's youth. Come live among the trees and rivers that so many of you long to be near. Come claim your heritage. Its free because its yours."

The line of wagons stretches from White Lake, N.Y., to Wyoming even as 852's rain leaden death-on-the-rice paddies and fare folk starve.

4. Cops. The last two people to give me Vees in Chicago were Barney the community relations man and the head of a Red Squad detail outside the SDS convention. The promoters hired 350 on-vacation New York City badgefreaks, dressed them in yellow windbreakers complete with guitar-and-dove insignia, and passed out literature telling how our "friends" wish to relate to us.

The promoters aren't evil cats. Their approach is to test the system, to see if they can hustle it in spite of itself. The guys they hire are the ones who say they would "inhale and smile" if someone blew grass smoke into their face.

Too many concerned parties call the security system out for it to work. East Village people speculate on where their heads will be at if they see the last cop to rust them all decked out in a new kind of uniform. Bikers decide that they will kiss their new "friend." The chief of the NYPD flips out and announces that any cop who stays at White Lake will have a tough time finding his name on the next promotion list. A dream ends; gym teachers replace the heat.

The costume party is only one facet of a whole security program. The Hog Farm, those out-of-sight commune crazies, are hired to feed a campground and deal with drug and communications problems. Hugh Romney gets into a tremendous argument with some SDS and Motherfucker people over whether or not the profitting concessions should be ripped off. The Hare Krishna singers are obsessively non-violent. Ushers from the Fillmore get heavy, but bands of kids put them in their place. The announcer stimulates a thunderous ovation when he asks the crowd to show their appreciation for "the wonderful job the State Police are doing." Published statements show that many cops seem to have had their minds blown, but I still get stopped a few days later for having long hair in some South Jersey town and the New York Young Lords still spend their Spanish Harlem time playing hide-and-seek with the Man while the community burns its uncollected garbage.

5. Sullivan County becomes free city. All the vacationers and residents (except for an occasional bastard not above selling a few sips of water) turn out to give away food, water and lodging. Volunteer firemen looking like the rednecks out of "Easy Rider," hike three miles to see what they can do to help out. The Army provides two emergency aircraft to evacuate the seriously ill. Country Joe and the (new) Fish toss cases of cokes from the stage.

On the morning of the last day, just before Hendrix's set, a helicopter dumps a mess of flowers on the remaining crowd. If this had been the Afro-Arts Festival and a half-million blacks had come up to dig some tunes, the helicopters would have been stocked with napalm instead of plants.

6. The dope scene is "everyone twisted." 50 - 75,000 people tripping each night make for an intense

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

Electric Mud by Armando

Everyone who wasn't there marvels at the people's endurance through the mud and deprivation. But what else would you do? Go home? Sit around St. Mark's place, your parents' house, your dorm? Do you refuse to go on a trip to the moon because you'll have to spend some time cooped up in a capsule? Mud, blood, hunger, and thirst are a drag, but nothing compared to loneliness, alienation, alcoholic parents, mind-numbing schools, or nasty cops.

Rock Freaks! Incredible. Eight AM Saturday, pouring rain, 50,000 rock freaks sitting in a sea of mud staring at an empty stage, waiting for the show to begin. I can't believe that people would do that just to be able to watch someone do intricate things with his fingers on a guitar. Something about being close to the source of energy? What good is that if you don't do anything but sit and watch? I don't understand! At the top of the hill, a quarter-mile from the stage, I got up to take a picture and someone yelled, "Sit down, we can't see!"

As in any good-sized city, there were neighborhoods. We lived in a hard-core freak neighborhood. Up the hill was a mystic neighborhood, finger cymbals and huts made of straw. There was a biker neighborhood, a high energy freak neighborhood, even a black neighborhood of sorts, all dotted among vast stretches of college-hippy neighborhoods. Some of these were neighborhoods and some not, because a lot of college hippies don't know what a neighborhood is. Our neighborhood was almost absolutely free, no dealing or selling of any sort allowed. Hog Farm, the digger myth, finally came alive was right down the hill. IT turns out that they were paid \$10,000 by the festival promoters to cook and give out free food and provide first aid.

But that was all gone, the money was all spent, the fences were down, and every one was doin' what they could. At first, we came prepared to battle the pigs over a \$7 admission charge, and when the fence went down and it all became free we didn't adapt fast enough. We put out a leaflet talking about 'makin' it through the bad times.' But all the constraints had been removed. The place was simultaneously up for grabs and nestled in the hands of half a million people going about the business of living...without money.

The immediate negative forces of the outside world, cops, rules and prices, had been removed or destroyed. In such a situation, it's natural that people get along with each other. In fact, the only people who didn't get along were the concessionaires. Of course, had they anticipated 450 cops (or 10,000 National Guardsmen, or whatever) to enforce the \$7 admission charge there would have been a major riot, blood on TV, etc., which is what happened at other rock festivals this summer when the admission charge was enforced. All the liberals who praise the peace, love and cooperation seem to forget this one most important point—it was free.....

Rip-off 1: Head shops in the middle of the woods. Overpriced psychedelic trinkets for the most part. Some New Mexico acid revolutionaries go through, sweep the shit off the shelves and hand it out to the people. Most head shop clerks seem relieved to be ripped off. Guilt is a strange animal. One owner gets heavy, wants to fight, but gets cowed by the pervasive willingness to kick his ass.

Rip-off 2: The concession stands. Normally fifty cents for a quart of milk, eighty cents for a ham and cheese, the concessionaires get heavy during the food shortage Saturday and pretty soon we hear about \$1 bologna-and-bread sandwiches and fifty cent

CONT'D ON PAGE 17



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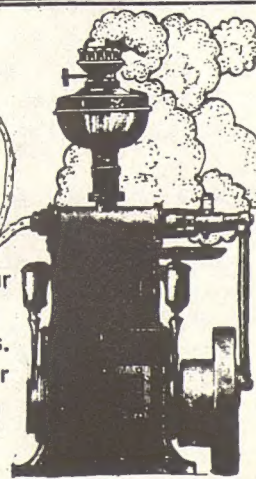
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ARMANDO/CHICAGO NEWSREEL

BORN IN CHICAGO

Kids from all over continue to do their nomad thing, zapping around from one charismatic culture capital to another; from Frisco to New York to LA, to Newport and Sky River and on, in search of the groups that make rock music relevant to the revolution going down in their heads. But how many of us will ever take that incredibly paranoid first step off the "L" at 39th Street onto the dark, forbidding platform which looks down toward Indiana Avenue and Chicago's southside ghetto? Or descended to discover, nestled in decaying brick, Turner's Blue Lounge, a down home terra for the roots of an electro-rock which drew 150,000 to Atlanta



ARMANDO/CHICAGO NEWSREEL

and 500,000 to Woodstock? The Blues, untouched by Fat Cat promotions and Ad Man jive. The real Blues, at one with its timeless black heritage.

Most of us will never know the Blues beyond our living rooms or youth culture mosques like the Fillmore; merely drinking it from its pretty new package, neatly extracted from its beer-bottle bosom.

Last Saturday folks in the Windy City were given the opportunity of digging the Blues again, swept north of its killin' floor.

It all began when a Second City actor with a few connections approached Deputy Mayor David Stahl with the notion of throwing the ultimate blues festival in Grant Park at the end of August. Stahl said it was an outtasite idea (why there might even be a few votes in it for Daddy Dick.) and that he should go and hit on the Reach Out people for bread. Now Reach Out is a city program who's job it is to provide the inner-cities, most specifically ghetto type and working class, kids with some sort of indoctrinary employment and insipid social activities designed at reducing them to the kind of shallow automotons needed to keep their system going. This time, thanks to our actor friend and his Second City cohorts, Reach Out reached out far beyond the limited breadth of its sterile imagination and created a thing of beauty. Anyway as soon as Reach Out said cool, the actor went about the business of contacting every bluesman who'd ever stuck his big toe through the portals of a south-side saloon. All were pleased with the invitation, even at the rate of \$50 per man, and the only refusals came out of commitments to previously contracted gigs.

So the date was set for August 29th and the sight at the Band Shell in Grant Park, the day after and the very same place that the pigs had brutally vamped on convention people the year before. Then everybody, including David Stahl, sort of sat back and waited to see what would happen.

What happened was the finest ten, count 'em, ten, hours of blues listening I've ever had the good fortune to sit through. What also happened was a whole lot of different kinds of people, mostly young, all brought closer together than any time since the convention and all in to the same kind of thing. And it wasn't the kind of thing which will continue to allow racism to keep us apart or imperialist policy to deprive our brothers across



ARMANDO/CHICAGO NEWSREEL

the globe of their freedom and dignity. It wasn't the kind of thing that will stand for poverty in the richest and most technologically advanced country on earth.

What the people are sayin' to our actor friend and his co-producers is thanks a lot for the blues festival of a thousand summers. And what the people are askin' David Stahl, the City Fathers, and all of them other over-stuffed rudes with their fingers poised on this country's neurons, is to keep in mind the fact that **BLUES FESTIVALS MAKE FOR NICE AFTERNOONS IN THE PARK, BUT THEY DON'T PREVENT RIOTS!**

AI

CONSPIRACY

Perched behind his mighty wooden bench, a tiny old man patiently assumes a look of listening as two groups of men battle over the letter of the law.

Buried in his large chair, Judge Julius Hoffman, also known to the People as Mr. Magoo, gazes out into the courtroom. His eyes meet those of the United States Government on his left, and the eyes of the Conspiracy on his right. Magoo's small head located in the midst of his large black robe gives the impression that he is really a gigantic puppet, and there is a huge hand underneath the gown, directing Magoo's every action. Perhaps the long arm of the law. . .

Last August 27, that notorious subversive organization, the Conspiracy, requested that the learned judge rule upon two pressing matters that face the September 24 trial; whether the government's admitted wiretap files should be surrendered to the defense, and whether the trial should be delayed because of the prior commitments of the Conspiracy's two leading lawyers.

Gathering up courage, Magoo prepared to create justice.

In spite of the new evidence and findings presented to the court, the wise old judge maintained his position of postponing any ruling on the wiretap motions until after the trial is over. One gets the impression Magoo didn't bother to listen to the attorney's arguments at all.

The Conspiracy's lawyers then argued for a continuance, on the grounds that:

a) Attorney Bill Kunstler has the following cases scheduled for the time of the Conspiracy trial: the N.Y. Panther 21 case, where the twenty-one are being held under an outrageously high bond which they can not meet and are currently serving time in jail without being convicted of a crime; two H. Rap Brown cases; and the Bobby Lee Williams case, in which Williams is accused of incitement to murder.

b) Attorney Charles Garry has the following cases scheduled for the time of the Conspiracy trial: the Wells murder, a rather old case which already resulted in two hung juries; the Los Siete case, where five of the seven are being held without bail for murder; and Bobby Seale's recent murder charge.

c) Defendant Bobby Seale's murder case, mentioned above. Seale is being held in jail without bond, pending an extradition hearing scheduled for September 25, the day after Seale is supposed to be in Chicago for the start of the Conspiracy trial.

d) Attorney Charles Garry, in addition to his involvement in the above cases, recently underwent emergency gall bladder surgery, which will keep him out of action for some time.

Before ruling on the continuance motion, Magoo asked the government for a response to the Conspiracy's motion. Savior of America Richard Schultz, representing the government, replied that any delay in the trial "would inconvenience the government."

Magoo, without consideration, promptly denied the motion. He then read a pre-written statement of why he denied the Conspiracy's motions, indicating that whatever these motions were, or upon what grounds these motions were based, his mind was closed and his decision had been reached before he entered the courtroom.

Kunstler and Garry have tried to get continuances on all their cases as well as the Conspiracy case; all have been denied. It is customary for continuances to be granted in cases like these. It is clear that the government is conspiring to deny the eight defendants their right to their own choice of lawyer, guaranteed by the sixth amendment to the constitution; illustrating how badly they want to put the Eight in jail.

In the middle of Magoo's oration, five members of the Conspiracy staff entered the courtroom, dressed in their normal attire. Magoo stopped his speech and ordered the marshall to "attend" to them. The marshall singled out two of the staffers and booted them out of the courtroom. When Attorney Kunstler objected, Magoo replied that the defendants could wear whatever they wanted in court, even come naked if they want to; however, spectators must respect the dignity of the court. Defendant Abbie Hoffman, considering Magoo's allowance for naked defendants, replied "Fuck, I have nothing to hide."

Mike Gold
Conspiracy office - Chicago

PHOTO/COURTESY BLACK PANTHER

CHAIRMAN FRED

After being locked up and denied an appeal bond for four months, Fred Hampton is back with the people. The twenty-one year old Deputy Chairman of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party's release from Menard Prison seemed imminent when Illinois Supreme Court Judge Walter V. Schaeffer granted an appeal bond in the amount of \$25,000 (\$2500 cash). This appeal bond arising from Fred's being convicted on charges of physically restraining an ice cream vendor while some children ripped him off of \$71 worth of ice cream bars, was only the first bond which the Panthers had to come up with before Fred could go free. A \$30,000 bond resulting from conspiracy charges was lowered to \$15,000 (\$1500 cash) and Chairman Fred walked out on a collect-four grand.

In a brief rap Fred spoke of the mental and physical tortures which many beautiful brothers are subjected to at Menard and in all of Amerika's penal institutions. "They're really getting their minds together. They become stronger and at the same time they become bitter. I had the chance to talk to some brothers that were panthers down there who are trying to direct this bitterness and channel it into some intelligent revolutionary action. I think a whole lot of those brothers in jail, the lumpen proletariat of the revolutionary struggle, are going to be able to come back out on the streets one day and prove to the people that the real criminals aren't those who are in jail but are those stupid, mug-headed, demagogic, lying politicians with those black robes sitting behind the benches. The day is coming soon when those people who come out of jail have the opportunity to try some of those motherfuckers themselves and put them behind bars.

The transferring of Fred from Stateville to Menard, in order to cut him off from communication from the Party and his lawyers didn't limit his organizing potential, in fact Fred refers to Menard as a Black Panther Party in itself.

Fred had high praise for the Illinois Chapter's accomplishments during his absence emphasizing that the recent shootout between some 25 squads of Chi cops and

three local panthers had proved that the panthers were too "revolutionary proletarian intoxicated to be astronomically intimidated." "Three brothers, by themselves, stood off 150 pigs. We're saying that at the average we don't need but around 20 brothers to stand off the entire Chicago po-lice force."

In response to a query as to any special treatment that he, as the big bad Chairman of the . . . had received in prison Fred said sure and he was glad they did. "Every revolutionary should be tested; I was and I passed and the pigs failed. It's as simple as that."

Fred then lent himself to commenting on the overt fascism which is engulfing this country at an "astronomical rate" and exemplified this with the recent indictment of Panther National Chairman Bobby Seale on charges of conspiring in a murder in Connecticut. He expressed confidence that the people would not be cajoled into falling for these attempts at railroading the Panthers as well as other political leaders.

Fred balked at articulating, definitively his views on the current hassles between SDS and the panthers saying that they, the panthers and SDS were in a stage of revolutionary criticism, that the panthers had offered SDS both positive and negative criticism and vice versa.

Chairman Fred disclosed with a great deal of pride the news that the Young Lords, a revolutionary Puerto Rican organization, had opened a branch office in New York City and that the Young Patriots, a revolutionary white appalachian organization had opened a branch office on the West Coast.

When Fred learned that Illinois Deputy Minister of Education Billy "Che" Brooks had been vamped on and kidnapped by fifty or so pigs for allegedly shooting at a hot dog stand rent-a-pig by the name of Jones, he issued a challenge demanding that Jones meet him on the street so that he could 'beat him to death with one of those polish sausages they sell."

"I don't think it would be too reactionary of me," he concluded, "to say that next year at this time, say around Labor Day, we might really be having some barbeque."

-Al Rosenfeld

LAWS AGAINST DOPE

PROHIBITED CONDUCT

I. MARIHUANA (Cannabis — includes all parts of the plant *Cannabis sativa* L., whether growing or not; the seeds thereof, the resin extracted from any part of such plant; and every compound, manufacture, salt, derivative, mixture, or preparation of such plant, its seeds, or resin.)

A. Illinois (REVISED CRIMINAL CODE OF 1961)

1. Unlawful sale (traffic in, barter, exchange or gift or offer thereof) prescribe, administer, dispense distribute, leave with, dispose of or deliver). (S.H.A., ch. 38, secs. 22-3, 22-40, 22-2-11, 22-2-14.)
2. Unlawful possession, having under one's control; unlawful manufacture, or compound. (S.H.A., ch. 38, sec. 22-40.)
3. Unlawful use (or be under influence of). (S.H.A., ch. 38, sec. 22-40.)
4. Solicits, endorses, encourages or intimidates any person under 21 to violate any provision of the Act. (S.H.A., ch. 38, sec. 22-40.)
5. Vehicle used in the commission of an offense prohibited by Act — with knowledge of owner. (S.H.A., ch. 38, secs. 36-1 et seq.)
6. Knowingly maintaining a building used in commission of offenses prohibited by Act. (S.H.A., ch. 38, secs. 37-1 et seq.)
7. Driving vehicle while under influence of (any narcotic drug or ... any other drug to a degree which renders him incapable of safely driving a vehicle...). (S.H.A., 95½ sec. 144 (b), (i).)

Note: Possession of less than 2.5 grams now a misdemeanor punishable by one year sentence or \$1,500 fine.

B. Federal (THE MARIJUANA TAX ACT OF 1937 and NARCOTIC DRUGS IMPORT & EXPORT ACT)

1. Unlawful possession (acquire, obtain, transport of, conceal, without payment of tax of \$100/ounce). 26 U.S.C. 4741 (a) (2); 26 U.S.C. 4744 (a); 26 U.S.C. 7237 (a).*
2. Unlawful sale or transfer. 26 U.S.C. 4742 (a); 26 U.S.C. 7237 (b).
3. Unlawful sale, barter, exchange, giving away or transfer, by person 18 and over to person under 18. 26 U.S.C. 7237 (b) (1).
4. Smuggling, receipt, concealment, purchase, sale or facilitation of the transportation, concealment or sale of unlawfully imported marijuana. 21 U.S.C. 176a.**

* Does not apply if cannabis is illegal in states involved.

** Government must show that defendant smuggled cannabis or knew it to be unlawfully imported — almost impossible to prove.

II. DEPRESSANT OR STIMULANT DRUGS (Having potential for abuse because of hallucinogenic effects, such as drugs containing any quantity of dimethyltryptamine, dilysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25, LSD), peyote.)

A. Illinois (DRUG ABUSE CONTROL ACT) (1967, Aug. 17 Laws 1967, H.B. 1129 effective January 1, 1968.)

1. Unlawful possession; inducing another person to use; sale (including barter, exchange or gift or offer thereof); delivery; administering or manufacture; compound; processing. (S.H.A. ch. 111½, sec. 802 (a) (b) (c) and sec. 804 (a).)
2. Unlawful sale (including barter, exchange, or gift or offer thereof), delivery, administering or other disposition, or inducing another to use — by person 18 and over to person under 18. (S.H.A., ch. 111½ sec. 804 (a).)

B. Federal (DRUG ABUSE CONTROL AMENDMENTS OF 1965) (21 U.S.C., secs., 321 (v) (3), 331 (q), 333 (a), 360a; 21 C.F.R., Reg. sec. 166.3 (c) (3).)

1. Unlawful possession,* sale, delivery or other disposition, manufacture, compound or process.
2. Unlawful sale, delivery or other disposition by person 18 and over to person under 21.

* Possession for personal use not prohibited as such, however pending legislation may eliminate this exception.

Copies of this article are available from The Neo-American Church of Chicago,

539-0914 ... A "Happy" Front Organization



PENAL SANCTIONS — FIRST OFFENSE (PENALTIES INCREASED FOR SUBSEQUENT CONVICTIONS)

1. Penitentiary — from 10 years to life (without probation or suspension of sentence).
2. Fine — not more than \$5,000; and Penitentiary — not less than 2 or more than 10 years.
3. Jail — not less than 90 days nor more than 1 year. (Obligation of being confined at least 90 days.)
4. Penitentiary — from 2 to 5 years.
5. Vehicle (boat or aircraft) subject to forfeiture to State.
6. Fine — not more than \$1,000 or Jail — not more than 1 year, or both. (Public Nuisance.)
7. Fine — not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000; or Jail — not less than 2 days nor more than 1 year, or both; revocation of operator's license.

1. Fine — up to \$20,000; and Prison — not less than 2 nor more than 10 years.
2. Fine — up to \$20,000; and Prison — not less than 5 nor more than 20 years.
3. Fine — up to \$20,000; and Prison — not less than 10 nor more than 40 years.
4. Fine — up to \$20,000; and Prison — not less than 5 nor more than 20 years.

1. Fine — not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000; or Jail — not more than 1 year, or both.

2. Fine — not less than \$5,000, or Prison — not less than 1 year nor more than 2 years, or both.

1. Fine — \$1,000; or Prison — not more than 1 year, or both.
2. Fine — \$5,000; or Prison — not more than 2 years, or both.

LOVE NEEDS...

Venereal Disease is a thing not often talked about in public. It's personal nature, and the constantly present sexual hangups of this society make it a very painful subject (in more than a literal way) for most people.

What is it? What does it do to you? How can you get it?

Well, say you are taking a leak one day, and you notice that you have a strong burning sensation. Later on you notice an unusual type of discharge from your penis. It is strange, but it might go away after a few days, and you forget about it. Or maybe you get a huge (or small sore or chancre somewhere on your genitals. It doesn't hurt, but it is red and ugly. After a few days it also goes away, you forget about it, and everything is ok...or so you think.

These symptoms are both signs of V.D. The first... the burning sensation is a sign of Gonorrhea, the second of Syphilis. While they may go away they only signal the beginning of the disease's heavy effects on your body. Their disappearance means that the bugs have migrated into your system, and have set to work causing what will be, if not treated permanent damage, to your reproductive system, your brain, your eyes, or any part of your body. This damage is permanent. Treatment, while stopping the disease, will not restore the tissues, or entire organs that have been destroyed by V.D.

Venereal Disease in the United States has been on the rise steadily in the last ten years. In Spokane it has risen 39 per cent among teenagers in the last year, and will rise 50 per cent in the next year, according to public health officials in Spokane County. The old myths about V.D. not affecting the upper classes, or whites, just don't hold. It is no respecter of age, class or color. It can strike at virtually any age, and if untreated will go on doing its damage for years with the individual not necessarily knowing anything about it, or being aware of it's work in his body.

There are a lot of wives tales about how V.D. can be picked up from dirty toilet seats, glasses, clothing, etc. T'aint true. Virtually the only way one can pick up V.D. is through close personal contact with another. The spirochetes (the scientific name for the bugs) can only enter the body through openings, in the skin. They cannot go through the skin. The soft mucous like tissues that surround the sex organs, and the interior of the mouth and nose are particularly acceptable to the bugs. Obviously V.D. is picked up only through sexual contacts. The V.D. bugs cannot live outside the body, and die almost immediately after leaving it.

The two main varieties of Venereal Disease present in the U.S. are Syphilis and gonorrhea. There are several other types, and many of these are being brought back to this country from Vietnam, where most of the population has it, and lovingly shares it with all and any interested G.I.'s. (Most fit this category, one would imagine.)

Of the two types of V.D. most prevalent in this country, Gonorrhea is the most common, though the least dangerous. It is passed through any sort of sexual contact. The symptoms appear anywhere from 2 days to two weeks after contact. They differ for male and female, being especially hard to notice in the female.

In the male the urethra is usually affected...that is the tube that goes through the penis to the "outside world". A discharge comes to the head of the penis... usually a great deal...and the victim will feel a strong burning sensation when he urinates. A guy with the clap will usually notice it...the symptoms are so obvious, and painful, that he can't ignore them.

In a chick the symptoms are entirely different, and hard to detect. There is usually no burning sensation... seldom a recognizable discharge. In short there is really no way a woman can herself determine if she has the disease. Females will catch the bug almost anytime they come in contact with it...have sexual contact with an infected person. Males only pick it up in 40 per cent of their contacts with it.

If the disease is not treated it will move on and destroy tissues in the body, and will often be hard to discover or treat.

CARE

Public Health officials recommend that chicks who have frequent sexual activity, especially with more than one person should undergo periodic examinations, either from a private physician, or their local public health department. This is the only way a woman can determine whether or not she has the disease.

Syphilis is declining around the country, and is not affecting as many people as Gonorrhea. However it is more harmful than clap. Syph symptoms are different from those of gonorrhea, and equally hard for the female to notice. The sign will appear as a sore or chancre at the point of entry. These sores are large, and ugly, but they don't drain, or hurt, although bodily salts may occasionally irritate them, causing a burning sensation.

After 7 days the sore will go away, and the infected person will no longer have any idea he has the bug. With this the first stage of the disease has ended.

After this a rash located anywhere on the body will appear, looking like a regular skin irritation. Each of these are highly contagious, but don't itch or hurt. These also disappear in a few days, and the damage begins.

Syphilis, like gonorrhea, in the advanced stages is difficult to find. Only a blood test will confirm its presence. After it's second stage syphilis begins to damage the body. It moves on to nervous tissues...to the eyes or ears, or brain, causing damage that cannot be repaired even after the disease has been stopped.

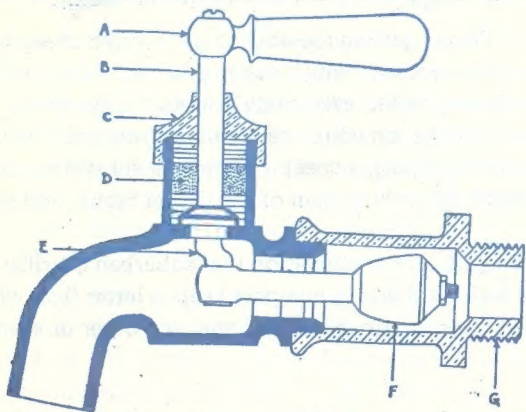
Easy, effective treatments for Syph and the clap have been developed and are no hassle to obtain. During the first part of the century doses of arsenic were used to kill the disease, and sometimes the patient. But in 1946 it was discovered that penicillin will easily and quickly kill the disease.

Generally the treatment consists of two shots of penicillin, with a check for effectiveness three months after treatment.

In Spokane the City health department treats hundreds of these cases yearly. Many more are treated by private physicians.

The state legislature in 1969 passed a new law allowing physicians to treat minors, over the age of thirteen, without parents' permission. This same law forbids physicians to notify parents of their treatment, thus eliminating a pretty big hassle for many people.

The V.D. Clinic in Chicago is located at 27 East 26th Street. Call them at 842-0222.



BULK OF THIS ARTICLE REPRINTED FROM SPOKANE NATURAL LIFE

terry's rap

Dear Felix,

The weekend of August 15-16 saw the preview to the world of the 8th annual Saginaw Film Festival with entries hailing from all over the country, so we took the weekend off from playing newspaper to attend because, 1) we got a place to crash, 2) food and, 3) a chance to get our heads out of the smog.

Saginaw is about seven hour from Chicago so we left really early as soon as I could get Rick out of bed (11:30). The drive up was pretty boring as tollways can be, but really got pretty as we got into Michigan. The air is so clean and the sky is actually blue. After gas stops and piss stops and eat stops and stop stops we finally got there about 6:00.

The town is beautiful and we got all caught up in the fine old houses, and old trees and kept speculating as to whether our host had a fine old mansion such as these. After driving around for awhile we decided to ask directions. At the first place three black cats stood around for awhile and then each came up with a different location for the street we were looking for, so finally dug a crumpled old map out of a drawer and pointed some directions.

---Fade to Saginaw City Limits

"Well I don't see it, maybe we took a wrong turn, there's a gas station, let's ask."

"Oh, they renamed that street a year ago, wasn't it a-year ago Henry, never mind, go out this way..."

Needless to say the people of Saginaw, besides being a year behind the world, are a bit strange, I don't think they have many freaks passing through town and probably still talk about the queer guy who came through last year.

It took us an hour to find our destination; after a time you figure out logical places where streets are: ie, presidents, lakes and trees always fall in groups as peoples' whims in naming things fall from category to category. Unfortunately our street didn't have a fine old house on it, and didn't even own a tree; Saginaw, like all cities has its sterile suburbia and this weekend suburbia also had two freaks. After meeting the nice people we were to stay with and staring at each other for awhile we decided to destroy the image of dirty hippie and tripped off the the laundromat-in-the shopping center-in the middle of sterile suburbia...oh where have all the trees gone?

The laundromat was as sterile as a hospital, complete with a lady dressed like a nurse who administered

to your every need but couldn't explain why it cost 45 cents. Munching cookies, we watched the clothes go around and watched the people watch us and finally left to get to the film festival on time.

With our excellent sense of timing we missed the first feature, but got a front row seat. The festival was in one of the most out of sight coffee houses I've ever seen, The Ginger Blue. All of the architecture downtown is beautiful in it's simplicity, but inside is a different story: following is the inside story: The place was resplendent in old tiffanies, funky old woodworkings in a thousand patterns around the room, a ceiling of hundreds of ornate patterned squares repeated again and again, velvet drapes, paintings and good vibes.

The first night's viewings included some weird effects in color and sound. "Duke of Earl" was reminiscent of those films you see in high school, don't smoke, don't drink, watch out for the candy man, etc. Three young punks: transistor and a bottle of booze...all the funny scenes of drunk kids until one passes out and the others rip him off for his bread. "National Anthem" was OK but noone stood up...Old Glory viewed from all the angles a tripping freak could think of from the bottom of a flag pole. "Navel Orange" had nothing to do with navels or oranges...an endless mass of bright orange hair moving over the screen to The End. "Samples of Rock" included many of your favorite groups if you looked quickly enough to see and identify through the rapidly paced film and bizzare light show. (I don't think many of the people there got into it). If you've ever gotten into distorting a color TV when stoned you would have dug "Pigskin Review", a football game not only in weird colors, but doubly distorted through movie trickery.

Besides films the first night included sound by 'St. Anthony's Fire' a pretty good local group, and presentation of the door prize by Rose the film festival girl. We added a Seed subscription to the next night's prizes and split.

Harrison Street, where the coffee house is, is apparently the only hip area of Saginaw and the kids hang out there; although we found only one genuine freak, who works wasted in the local head shop, some fairly hip guys turned us onto a thing in the park the next day...imagine, ten bands!? Evidently the Saginaw City Fathers do not want any trouble in their fair town, racially or otherwise.

CONT. TO PAGE 22

Funky old maps
Funky old postcards
Funky old books
Funky old magazines
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ANOTHER RIPOFF

LNS—Rising prices is only one of the many ways that big corporations screw the rest of us. A lesser known method is making packages and containers smaller without reducing the price. Representative Benjamin Rosenthal of New York concludes that this "quiet shrinkage" has produced a further inflation of about 10% in less than five years. For instance, there's 20% less mustard in a jar of Guilden's mustard this year than there was in 1965. Rosenthal lists a similar reduction in Palmolive after-shave lotion, B&M pork-and-beans and other items.

HIGH CIRCLES

Vice-President Spiro Agnew's daughter has been busted for possession of marijuana.

NO POWER TO THE STALINISTS

The Fayetteville, Arkansas chapter of Students For a Democratic Society has declared its independence from the two "stalinist" National Offices of SDS (the Revolutionary Youth Movement and Progressive Labor groups). Fayetteville SDS agrees with both National Offices on ultimate goals but refuses to go along with the methods they employ. Specifically, they object to the use of women's liberation as a "political football", the elitism and vanguardism found in the national offices, the deification of the Panthers by RYM and the dismissal of black struggles by PL. They also claim that both SDSs are ignoring American tradition in favor of irrelevant and dogmatized experiences of other societies.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"The development of tear gas was a long step forward in the history of civilization", Robert Reynolds, President, Federal Laboratories (world's largest producer of tear gas).



FALL ACTIONS ROUNDUP

Demonstration fans are coming back from vacation now, and, in preparation for an exciting fall season, we are happy to bring you this listing of major protest actions planned for autumn. On October 11, in Chicago, SDS will be running a demonstration around the trial of the Conspiracy 8. This will be an anti-imperialist action under the call "Bring the War Home". There will then be a month of rest before the double-barrelled demo planned for Washington D.C. in mid-November. On the 14th of that month there will be a Quaker-sponsored Death March in DeeCee, where 38,000 people will march single file, representing the American dead in Vietnam. The next day, the 15th, the New Mobilizing Committee will hold an anti-war march in the capital. For all you students, there's a special extra action called the Vietnam Moratorium. In October, there will be a one-day student strike if the war isn't over. In November, a two day strike. In December, three days— and so on until the war ends.

RADICAL GAY PAPER

LNS—A radical homosexual newsletter is being published by the Committee for Homosexual Freedom on the West Coast. The aim of the newsletter is to help "radical gay heads" to fight capitalism, which they see as the root cause of the oppression of homosexuals in America. For copies of the newsletter or further information write: Committee for Homosexual Freedom, P.O. Box 26496, San Francisco, California, 94126.

THERE AIN'T A RULING CLASS?

LNS—The Farmers Home Administration, an official agency of the U.S. Government, has decided to use funds of the U.S. Treasury to back up a \$265,000 loan to the all-white Natchez Trace Golf Club in Lee County, Mississippi. The club is in the district of Rep. Jamie L. Whitten (Democrat), whose subcommittee controls the agency's budget. If the club doesn't manage to pay back the loan, Uncle Sam is obliged to cover the remaining debt. According to the Wall Street Journal, the club's application indicated that the terms of the guarantee would be unusually generous, better than for most of the 500 golf courses financed by the government since 1962.

RADICAL LAW COMMUNE FORMED

Doing radical legal work can get to be a drag. One has to depend on liberal support which may vanish any minute and one receives almost no money and is eventually forced back into "straight" legal businesses. This situation is keeping many radical lawyers from doing as much as they would like to and is forcing a number of radical law students into establishment jobs after graduation. But no more. Seven New York lawyers have formed a radical law commune which has the twofold purpose of providing Movement legal defense while surviving economically and of providing an alternate path for young radicals in law. The commune survives by making 15% of its work non-political legal work.

MACE MAIMS

LNS—Documentary evidence submitted to a U.S. Senate subcommittee by Joseph Page, a law professor, has revealed that there are an increasing number of people who are suffering permanent disabilities after having been victims of police mace attacks.

Difficult But Possible

SUPPLEMENT to the
WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

Difficult But Possible SUPPLEMENT to the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, \$1, available by mail from WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, Portola Institute, 558 Santa Cruz Avenue, Menlo Park, California 94025

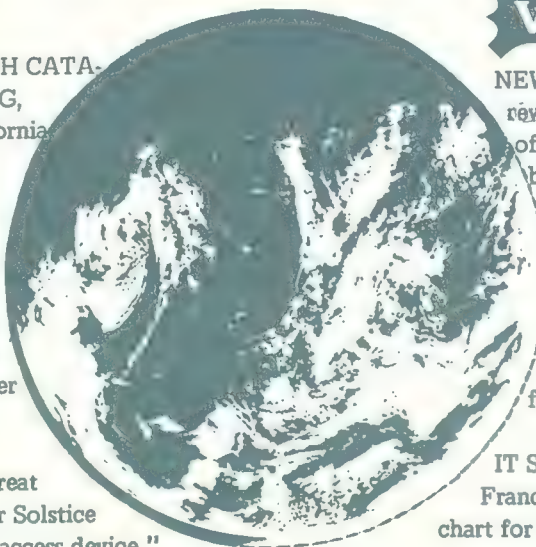
I will not attempt to describe the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG: ACCESS TO TOOLS here (reviewed by Peck on p. 14, Vol. 4 No. 1 of SEED) other than to say that it is one of the totally unique periodical publications in existence and is of great importance to everyone interested in self-education and the survival of the human race and as many possible other species on planet EARTH!

The SUPPLEMENT begins with a lively description of the Great Bus Race at Aspen Meadows, N. M., during the 1969 Summer Solstice festivities, and restates its FUNCTION "...an evaluation and access device."

Its PURPOSE "We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far, remotely done power and glory—as via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG.

The SUPPLEMENT FUNCTION is to correct and update "information in the most recent CATALOG, carries on-going research toward the next CATALOG, and publishes what doesn't fit in the CATALOG but does relate to the use of tools."

The SUPPLEMENT then lists corrections of the Spring 1969 Catalog and goes on to ITEM RELATED INFORMATION—new sources of energy, a study on the uses of wind and sunheat; a review of a book called GEODIESICS, on the practical aspects of dome-building, and more.



NEW SUGGESTIONS — People getting together to go to Expo cheaply, review of a book on systems approach which concludes that "the problem of systems approach is to learn what 'everybody' knows," a handbook on building homes of earth, books on edible herbs mushrooms roots etc., books on camping canoe tripping, a cheap portable sound system, the autobiography of Black Elk, a holy man of the Oglala Sioux, and more.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MAIL — A suggestion that suburban guerillas start their attack in the back yard with a compost heap, a letter from Wes Wilson describing his newest approach to painting, and other interesting feedback.

IT SAYS HERE — Reviews of other publications ranging from the San Francisco Chronicle to Anarchos to the Technology Review. A valuable chart for those working with foam plastics.

EXTRA — The Peace Corps Technical Book List, a list of books on making home brew and wine, where to buy used Pullman cars for living in, places to write for more book lists, plans for the drop city solar heater, the Overland Guide to Nepal, the story of the development of the screwball, a device used to connect struts in the development of dome frameworks.

The SUPPLEMENT ends with an informal report on the progress of the CATALOG project, information on how to get it, a map showing where to find the Portola Institute, and a description of that organization.

SUMMATION — The language and graphics are always clear and coherent and sometimes startlingly beautiful (see back page this issue of SEED).

Charlotte said that this project is the product of those people who say, "The world is yours. All you have to do is take it. And that's a wrong attitude, it ain't that easy." That's the kind of oversimplification that some politicians make. Nobody said that takin' it back was going to be easy. Difficult but Possible.

Lester

MUD CONT'D FROM PAGE 5

vibration. Dealers wear signs and scream "grass, acid, mescaline" through the night: a couple get ripped off by the "everything's free" people. A few try to sell while stoned and end up giving away most of their stash. Over a hundred people get busted on the way up, but the site is liberated and anyone would have to be crazy to try and take a doper.

At one point the MC says that green acid will make you sick (actually, the villain was a small number of green speckled barrels) and a thousand people storm the already-overburdened medical facility even though 99% are really digging the trip. Simon Sez, "follow the leader."

7. Meat rushes after a night's work in the hospital. 6,000 cut feet, numerous acid stomachs and heads, three deaths (smack OD, run-over-by-tractor, and appendix for the necrophiliacs in the readership), and numerous miscarriages. A plane lands 46 doctors from the Medical Commission on Human Rights, complete with flier putting down the promoters for running a slaughterhouse.

Uncle Meat. Midnight Cowboy record execs working round the clock, inspecting rockgroups, cutting the good ones out of the herd and branding them with the weight of the corporate logo: "Unipac chopmeat! — get 'em while they're hot."

Questioner: Why do you keep doing this? Why not find another job?

Arena-worker: (sweeping Christian guts and lion shit from in front of the stage) "What! — and get out of show business."

8. Garbage. Rock garbage, the "fresh garbage" that Spirit sings about. Rinds and cans and bottles and human wastes. People debate whether next year's crop will be trampled out of existence or fertilized into previously unheard-of splendor.

The garbage is worse than Atlanta, worse than heavy streets in heavy cities, but green and therefore cool, ours and therefore mellow. The Guardian misses this point and writes an atrocity catalog.

9. The Movement lames out with meetings on how "we" reach "them." I use the word "chick" and three Liberated Women (unfortunately not the same thing as a

CONT'D AGAIN ON PAGE 16



Dear O.F.:

I have been indicted for mob action (!!!) in the State of Illinois. I was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. The case has been set for trial and the State keeps getting continuances. I have wanted to have my trial for some time now. Isn't there something that I can do?

M.A.

Dear M.A.:

Speak to your attorney about this. The Constitution guarantees you a right to a speedy trial in order to assure that you will not be forced to lose track of your evidence and witnesses because the State has been stalling.

In Illinois the constitutional right to a speedy trial has been taken care of by the "four term" rule. That rule states that you must be tried within 120 days to the time that you are first taken into custody or you go free, unless you are responsible for causing things to go beyond 120 days. It is not yet applied to ordinance charges.

In practice, if the defendant gets a continuance then he must stop counting his time toward 120 days. When the State or the judge cause a continuance then you start counting toward 120 days. If the State or the judge get a continuance and you get one afterwards then you lose all the time accumulated to 120 days and must start counting all over again at the next continuance gotten by the State or judge. They are usually careful not to violate the four term rule.

I imagine many states have a similar provision to the Illinois law. Just as an aside, the State's Attorney for Cook County (Chicago) has been trying to get the

Hip Pocrates

QUESTION: I have a problem which is embarrassing and troublesome to me. A few weeks ago, I balled for the first time (incidentally, I'm a girl) and bled an awful lot.

I would like to know: Is the bleeding just because it was the first time? Or is there something wrong with me?

If not, could you tell me how to stop the bleeding? I'm sort of doubtful about doing it again until I have an answer.

ANSWER: There's no doubt at all you should learn more about your own body, and soon. Bleeding is normal in a female the first few times she has sexual intercourse. The cause is tearing or stretching of the hymen, a tissue membrane nearly covering the entrance to the vagina (small perforations in the hymen permit the passage of the menstrual flow).

Many girls are free of bleeding and pain even the first time they have sexual intercourse. Their hymens may have been stretched or torn by exercise or childhood accidents. Some women, though, have hymenal tissue so tough that minor surgery is required before normal relations can begin.

You should soon have a thorough pelvic examination and discussion with a physician about ways to prevent pregnancy! If you can't afford a private physician contact the nearest Planned Parenthood office.

QUESTION: Are there any medical reasons for not having intercourse during menstruation?

ANSWER: There are no known medical reasons against having sexual intercourse during menstruation. In fact, some women feel more erotic at this time.

A woman with a 28 day cycle will normally ovulate on the fourteenth day, counting the first day of menstruation as day one. The optimum time for achieving pregnancy, given this cycle, is day fourteen, but wide variations are found from one female to another.

The "safest" times during a woman's menstrual cycle are five days before, during, and three days following menstruation. But pregnancy has been known to

occur even when intercourse took place only during menstruation.

The rhythm method is so notoriously poor in achieving birth control, it has been called "Vatican roulette."

QUESTION: I have a story I would like to relate to you. Here it is:

Herb visited Linda in December and again in July. He did not see her in the six months in between and therefore did not ball her during that time.

Linda stopped taking her birth control pills early in April and became pregnant later that month. She claims that Herb is the father. That she carried around the sperm (or the fertilized egg) from December until April and when she stopped taking birth control pills became pregnant. She is now four months pregnant.

A psychiatrist told Herb that this is possible. The Free Clinic said it was impossible. I personally don't believe it.

Have you ever heard of this? Do you think it could happen?

ANSWER: Linda will have to accept some other explanation. Pregnancy could occur, for example, without intercourse if the sperm were deposited at or near the vaginal entrance. Perhaps Herb misinterpreted the psychiatrist's words. He might have said something like "Well... anything is possible, but..."

Spermatozoa can remain alive in the vagina no more than 2 or 3 days whether or not a woman is taking birth control pills. Deep freezing can maintain sperm cells in a state of suspended animation for long periods of time. But your friend would have had to be quite literally frigid for this phenomenon to occur.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709.

four term rule changed from four terms to five terms in the State Legislature. That means he may be in trouble on many of his cases and may be running over four terms. If you have charges pending in Illinois, I suggest you count very carefully.

O.F.

Dear Ordinum Fugitivi:

I was recently stopped by the local police for speeding. The police asked for my drivers license and a friend that I was giving a lift to blew his cool. As I was reaching for my wallet, my passenger reached into his pocket and began to stuff what looked like a small quantity of grass into his mouth. I guess that he figured he was going to be searched and the best way for him to hide his stuff was to swallow it.

Needless to say, the cop immediately arrested both of us. I was later released and my friend was charged with possession. Did the police have a right to arrest me and my friend?

Friend from Lincoln Park

Dear Friend:

Judging from the situation which you describe, the police had no right to arrest — as was proven when they released you. Things do not look quite as rosey for your passenger.

When you are stopped by police for a minor traffic violation, they are not legally authorized to search your person or your car. The legal ban on searches in cases of minor traffic violations is sacrosanct unless there are special circumstances. The most important exception to the ban on searches is if during the time the police have you pulled over to the side to lecture you or write out the ticket, they see something in plain view which gives them good reason to think that a crime is being committed or that they have some other good reason to

put you under arrest. Examples of such situations are tools in the car which appear to be burglar tools or absence of license plates which if unexplained give rise to the inference of a stolen car. They may then arrest and search you as part of the arrest.

The situation where you were stopped for an apparently minor traffic violation you could not have been legally searched or arrested — assuming that you were not already driving on a ticket or from out of town. In no circumstances would your passenger have been subject to arrest. The police would have probably given you a ticket and let you go on your way. However, when your friend got excited and began to munch on his marijuana the policeman, who was probably by then leaning on the side of your car and looking through an open window had to know that something was wrong. Even if he didn't recognize marijuana when he saw it, he would have found it an extremely unusual occurrence for someone to sit in the front seat of a car and nervously eat mealy greenish stuff — particularly without water.

The best way to handle situations where you are concerned about the possibility of a search by police is by keeping cool. Don't do anything which is likely to upset a policeman or make him mad. No one likes to be searched but by being either too fearsome of a search or by being too cocky about your right not to be searched you may provoke one.

Paul Chevigny has recently written a book called *Police Power* in which he explains whenever there is any kind of challenge to police authority on the streets, police may respond by arresting first and asking questions later. His conclusion should always be kept in mind when you are confronted by police when you are out on the streets or in the parks. The way the police have it figured is that a little search here or arrest there never did much harm and usually does a lot of good.

O.F.

Ordinum Fugitivi will be happy to answer your questions on The Law. Write to him, c/o the SEED.

A review: FAMINE—1975

by William & Paul Paddock; Little, Brown & Co.

Famine—1975! is not a good novel. The Paddock brothers plod from point to point, continually rehashing details. They saddle ideas with carefully defined, but leaden, labels ("In Times of Stress do People Retrogress?"). They look to the oncoming famines as America's Opportunity for Greatness. Rather Vulturelike.

But vultures are rarely wrong, and the Paddocks' facts are indisputable. "Ten years from now parts of the undeveloped world will be suffering from famine. In fifteen years the famines will be catastrophic and revolutions and social turmoil and economic upheavals will sweep areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America." The book was written five years ago.

The Paddocks trace statistically the colliding trends that in five years will make today's hungry nations tomorrow's starving nations.

The first is population. Due, among other things, to better health, America's free-food program, and governments that equate population with power, the people of the undeveloped countries have been reproducing for the past 20 years at unprecedented and increasing rates.

In 1950, the population of Peru, for example, was multiplying at a rate that would double the number of Peruvians every 37 years. In 1960, the population was found actually to be doubling every 27. Peruvian officials are faced with the problem of doubling their 1950 food, water, transportation and medical facilities by 1977. The task is virtually impossible, and Peru already relies heavily on international welfare to feed its people.

Nor is the phenomena isolated. "In 1958 the United Nations estimated that in 1970 the population of the 'less developed world' would be two billion, 950 million; in 1965 this figure was revised upward to three billion, 70 million." The latter figure has already been exceeded. The less developed countries have already grown more people than they can food: all are living at least partially from ship to mouth, and more so daily.

On the other hand, the only countries capable of exporting food in quantity are Australia, Argentina, Canada, and the United States. Domestic demands are rising within

these granary nations, while their already efficient agricultures are within sight of their practical maximums.

To rely on science to reduce the population growth is, say the Paddocks, fallacy. They are in a position to know. One, a foreign service officer, asserts that population control attempts remain foredoomed as long as the undeveloped governments stay unresponsive to the approaching crisis, as long as Holy Mother Church hexes sensible birth control, and as long as U.S. stopgap food shipments put off the famines until they become truly catastrophic.

It would remain, then, for science to mystically pull enough food from chemicals, soybeans, sea, or space to feed the starving. The second author, a plant pathologist and tropical agriculture expert, states bluntly that such hopes will remain panacea until the next century. By then 500,000,000 people will have made their protest against overpopulation, food shortage, and human shortsightedness in the most effective way possible: by starving to death.

Around 1974, several tropical countries, having become apathetic in the face of certain starvation and having run out of cemetery space, will stop burying corpses. Then the problem will start coming back home to the American public. As with Biafra, U.S. headlines and newscasts will suddenly feature, among homefront riots and little-war bodycounts, starving children. Unlike Biafra, this famine will not be political, nor within the reach of American money, nor of short duration. Even if the four granary nations were to mobilize their total resources hundreds of millions will die; this, in the face of Famine—1975! statistics, is fact. In making their point, the authors successfully handle every imaginable objection to their statistics' validity.

The real picture is even more dismal. Australia will be occupied feeding a hungry, looming China. Fascist Argentina will continue to sell her grain surpluses on the international market, as will Canada. That leaves the Land of the Free.

The Paddocks' statistics indicate that, even with America's huge grain surplus, this country will have to disappoint over half of the hungry nations, leaving them to starve. In this case, humanitarianism becomes a numbers game: a question of saving the most people possible.

The solution proposed by the Paddocks is the only logical one. They advocate the adaption of triage, a principle borrowed from military medicine. A medic faced with an overwhelming number of battlefield casualties separates the wounded into three groups: the walking wounded, who will survive without immediate treatment; those who have a good chance of survival provided they receive aid; and, the hopeless.

The authors give examples:

Libya: the population growth rate is second highest in Africa, and the government has not yet instituted an effective birth control program. Because of its large oil resources, however, Libya should be able to buy its way through the crisis, and is hence walking wounded.

Pakistan: Already in receipt of massive American aid, Pakistan suffers from social disorders as well as the food problem. The government, however, has shown signs of concern, and is currently scoring small successes in agricultural and birth control programs. Despite this, Pakistan will require continued support to survive the famines. The Paddocks advocate this continued aid.

India: the enormous weight of half a billion people has backfired birth controls, decayed a weak agriculture, and discouraged an already obtuse government. Five years before the famines, India already consumes 25% of America's total wheat production. "It is beyond the resources of the United States to keep famine out of India during the 1970's."

Triage is a sound plan, the kind that Congress could be expected to come up with. Politically exploitable humanitarianism, it is a way of fighting communism by endearing the hungry people of the world to Earthmother America. All in all, a nifty solution, even in the less efficient version Congress will inevitably pass.

In their suggestions, however, the Paddocks fail to consider what effect triage will have on the American public. The authors mention that Americans may have to accept a degree of meat rationing as grain usually used to feed cattle is diverted overseas, but neglect to pursue the matter any further. Triage considered this way means political suicide for any politician backing it. The latest Harris poll shows nearly 70 percent of those ques-

tioned down on foreign aid as too great a drain on their personal incomes. Unless moves are made starting now to put America's head in the right place, the United States' aid potential for the famines will be drastically reduced by balking politicians.

The general ecology movement gaining momentum in this country seeks to replace American all-out consumerism with a more restrained, reasonable attitude toward nature, leading toward a balanced ecology as well as economy. As soon as it is on the road to strict pollution and population controls, this country could easily export food and the proper programs to the starving nations.

The total enlightenment of the public necessary for the success of the movement and of food aid will not come, however, within the five years left before the famines begin. With the fate of the starving in mind, then, something must be undertaken to spark early public, hence political, support of food aid. At this point such a campaign is possible only thru mass publicity, regimentation, and vast quantities of money. Two courses of action which cover all persuasions of Americans, are open.

1. As the famines increase, the foreign demand on American food, U.S. agriculture will expand its production to the efficient limit. A number of hip young business administration majors could conceivably establish a Food Aid Publicity Front fueled directly by soaring agriculture stocks held in its name. The main purpose of the front would be to attract the American public to the aid situation, and secondly to the ecology movement. This increase of media pressure could make rationing palatable to the public, giving Congress the opportunity to expand the free-food program as is necessary.

2. The movement at present is just emerging from the underground. It lacks money and is loosely hung together, with elements of all fronts participating. Time Magazine is running a series on environment, while the American Legion is investigating pesticide pollution. TV last week incited pickets against the poison gas train. Agricultural communes are repioneering life with nature.

The ecologic must be spread before it can expand outside the U.S. borders. People need to be rapped on; pollution must be dragged out onto the street. A growing up-tightness fostered now among the people may help a lot of starving children to eat American food later.

PETER PETRE

FAMINE 1975!



3/1/75
KARL-HEINZ HIRSCHMANN
"FELSTRICH"



JOHN HAMMOND

A king-size chunk of New York recently visited Chicago. I don't know how much publicity was put out prior to "the coming," but if sometime during the last two weeks you happened into the Quiet Knight on Wells Street I hope you dug it: blues was the media and John Hammond and Charles Otis carried the message. If you aren't hip to Hammond and are into blues, you might pick up two or more of his L.P.'s. Turn the volume up to mid-range and settle back for some fine listening.

John Paul Hammond, literally, grew up around the blues and only after leaving home came to live it. His early association with blues was through his father, John Henry Hammond, Jr., talent scout, record producer, and responsible for exposing such titans of jazz-blues as Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith and Count Basie. The younger Hammond grew up in a house full of blues and turned on to rock as practiced by the kings of the art, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley... and reading liner notes and "other Chess releases you will enjoy," was sucked up by the weird names and styles of Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, and on and on and on. Digging these people, John sought the source of their inspiration and recalls his old man playing some records by Robert Johnson which opened him to the world of southern country gut blues.

John's conception of himself is that of a vocalist. He says that he learned about forty songs in his early years of listening and then learned to accompany himself on the guitar and harmonica. To me, this was only the order of his coming to blues. In saying this of himself, he grossly understates his instrumental accomplishment. His work on guitar brings to my mind the smoothness of a warm knife slicing through butter. His performances recorded or live, convince most listeners of an honesty and integrity which underlies his music.

And never have I heard the name "John Hammond" mentioned in conversations turning to disputes over 'a young, white cat's calling to the Blues.' John played

blues when only Paul Butterfield, Dave Van Ronk and a handful of other white musicians did "black music."

Hammond is his own man. That's a cliché but in this case it is a most concise statement of a truth and a factor which adds validity to his music. He knew the days of the folk and small club circuit well and will be around when they return. In the face of the, in too many cases, faddish four and five men combos, John often plays alone, rarely with more than a drummer and bassman. He prefers to retain his feel for Country Blues rather than be sucked up in ever-amped blues rock. Where he is accompanied by other guitar wielding musicians, blues still hangs in as a feeling and form.

One guitarist he says he really dug playing with happened in New York years ago. John recalls visiting a now-defunct club in the Village and seeing a guitarist billed as Jimmy James playing for peanuts with a bunch of kids who could barely keep up with him. James was really down on his luck but very, very good. After James' set, he and John exchanged mutual compliments and hopes of "gettin' together sometime." A week later, John had a booking at the Cafe Au-Go-Go for his new "group" and with Jimmy James on lead and John singing and playing harp, they tore the place apart. Musicians and producers flocked to see the new combination, and a manager of the Animals persuaded Jimmy to come to England and form a group there. Today Jimmy James is Jimi Hendrix and I wish I had been around New York at that time; those Hendrix/Hammond sets had to have been out-a-site!

John's recent date here in Chicago saw him play with only his drummer and road companion, Charles Otis. Otis has been around the NYC music scene for a long time. Originally from New Orleans, this man knows the blues from way back and plays it. Otis has drummed for just countless numbers of soul and early R&B music greats, too many to go into here.

On the Atlantic release, "I Can Tell/John Hammond, "Charles Otis and John, along with Bill Wyman of the Stones on bass, Robbie Robertson and Rick Danko (of Dylan and Big Pink fame), and Jimmy Lewis combine for some good music. Artie Butler plays some funky, funky piano on one cut, "Brown Eyed Handsome Man."

Both sides of this LP are dynamite. John rakes over his coals and the fire of Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker, Chuck Berry and Jimmy Reed take on new flame, Hammond's.

His recording on Atlantic started in '67, I believe, and before this he was with Vanguard. A product of the Vanguard time is "Country Blues." Here, accompanying himself on guitar and harp, John gets into the Delta Blues of Robert Johnson and the R&B styles of Bo Diddley. Really excellent selections are on both sides of this LP. If you're into authenticity and recall original artists such as John Lee Hooker, Willie Mabon and others, I think you'll agree that John has his own style while maintaining and even at times intensifying that feeling which is Blues. John Hammond, dig him.

-Elliot/Rick

THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN LOOSEN UP NATURALLY



When I listen to someone's music, I wonder what went into it musically and I wonder what motivated the musicians. For me the second point makes music valid. Seldom have I listened to an LP and felt that so much was there as when listening to the Sons of Champlin and "Loosen Up Naturally;" JUST FANTASTIC!!

Released last April, it's a double album financed by Capitol without a contract. From the album artwork, through four sides of fine music, there is so much happening; you know that these people are very close to "after the revolution."

For a thousand years,
we have tried our best
to look the other way.
We've invented fears,
that have only served
to darken and destroy.

The "Sons" are seven people who I only know through their music. Bill Champlin plays guitar, organ and sings; Bill Bowen is on drums; on tenor sax is Tim

Cain; Terry Heggarty, guitar man; Geoff Palmer grinding organ, blowin' dynamite tenor sax and handling vibes; Al Strong holdin' down the bass; and, Jim Beam on trumpet. These are the "Sons" and they hang together through four sides and eleven bands of meaning.

Their music is blues-jazz that has traveled at the speed of life. They sing and play livin', lovin', and gettin' high on it all. They've got a damned good reason for doing it - "...the reason for it all is love."

They sing about the days "when politics and fears will all be forgotten." Ridiculous when coming from the mouths of many, these people reveal many of the Solutions as lying in YOU and ME and the hope that...

"someday we'll learn to love."

If you're into sampling this one and get the chance without buying it, check out side four and fourteen minutes and forty-five seconds of "FREEDOM." The arrangement demonstrates the group's musical perspective both individually and as a unit. The composition lyrically is... well, don't let the words go past in a rush of good music. Dig it!

Rick

CHICAGO, APRIL 24TH: SEVEN OF THE GREAT LIVING BLUES MUSICIANS WALKED ON STAGE TOGETHER.

LPS 127
CHESS STEREO
Recorded in Chicago, Ill.

FATHERS AND SONS



APRIL 24TH FOR SALE.

Also Included: (from our studio) April 21, 22, 23.

FEEDBACK

Readers of the Seed,

This letter is coming from two guys presently doing a year in the County Jail on the charge of possession of marjuana. Noe if there's anyone out there who has ever been in a similar predicament then you know what it's like not hearing from the outside, if not, let me tell you, it's a bummer! So what we're asking is that if there is anyone who has a few spare minutes, that they would drop us a line to keep us up to what's happening out there. It would really be appreciated, all letters will be answered. Our address is:

Tommie J. Apostolos and/or James Archambault
6406602 6907348
Cook County Jail
2600 So California
Chicago, Ill 60608

Peace be with you

Dear friends,

It is late at night and very lonely so I thought possibly that writing to someone might offer a wee bit of consolation, a commodity not existent in the military. I have chosen to write to you for diverse reasons. Primarily you dig the same views I do on the social and political scene. Secondly, maybe you will understand the dismay and apprehension I feel. If you don't then nobody will and the hell with everything.

The military is a conditioning process whereby one's personal rights, individuality and thinking processes are broken down and remodeled as the neo-fascists see fit. They have stolen part of my mind but I refuse to let them have the remainder of it. My bag is music and since I play sax, I have found not much opportunity to freak out on a musical high. If you know of anyone who would like to write to a member of the Navy who is on a constant low, then I would greatly appreciate your encouraging that party. Thanks for reading this letter and, if you want to, print it. God bless the movement! Love to all!

Tim Hildebrand
HA B 223292-Co 27
Naval Hospital C. School
Great Lakes, Ill. 60088

Dear brothers,

I was recently busted, along with my friend Bob, and my brother Rick. The three of us were peace loving, happy people, working this summer to save for school.

We thought a certain young man was our friend and for our kindness he busted us. We are charged with selling hallucinatory drugs. Four tabs of acid.

Lawyers are soaking up all our bread which was being saved for school. I will not be able to return to school, friends, or my chick. This happens even if we get off. Needless to say how a conviction will affect our lives.

The young man who busted us was a 21 year old college student, Richard S. Amado, from Northbrook, Illinois. He has done this before and will do it again. I urge my brothers everywhere to be careful and watch out for people such as Mr. Amado. It's worth the caution to avoid the nightmare of being busted.

Peace brothers,

Gary

TO THE SEED:

we're still here. no one has gone away. we've no choice anymore. this is "northwest indiana". but the sopping unreality of the boundaries is shoved down your throat everyday. the invisible fat men have overstuffed their bellies and vomitted their sickness into the skies. the syndicate is on both sides of every fence. and the police repression is so constant, no one's even surprised anymore. but we're still here because this is where the work needs to be done. after all, there's nowhere to go but up. and already the transformation has begun. there's no doubt now that the baby will be born but what kind of creature it will be is still being decided. two of the people who helped start it all and who are needed to continue the task have been busted. the first, mary henley, of the village boutique in hammond, has had some measure of assistance and publicity. mary, kind of the den mother of freakdom in this area, still needs moral, financial, and legal help. even sending cosmic lovenotes and such would be a good thing. on the other hand, phil stewart, editor typist, printer, etc. of the only real underground paper of the calumet region, PHAQUE, has just begun his fight, phil after prodding around under the festering sur-

face of things around here, has suddenly been toted away to jail on a drug charge. he, too, needs moral but especially financial and legal support. PHAQUE has been temporarily smothered but we will not let it die. in the past, phil has worked as an ironworker to support both his family and the paper. it has been personally distributed by phil free of charge, at his own expense. we have written for the paper but the hard-core work has always been done by phil himself. thus, the knot: we have the words and the will to continue the paper until and after phil's return. but right now, we do not have the coin to rent the equipment that is necessary to do the job. so anyone with equipment (almost any kind) to rent, lend or sell cheap, please contact us. for now, anything in regards to any of the above should be sent to the chicago address: 9858 greenwood, 60628, % bill beck. our bodies have the habit of straying alot sometimes. we've laid them on mountains. we've thrown them in oceans. we've found them in other people's beds. they've watched flowers grow. they've listened to birds breathe. it was real nice. and we're not finished with that either. but right now, we've work to do. we make reality. that will be nice, too. back to you soon. end. of. tape. bill (for dumb wife)

MUD CONT'D FROM PAGE 9

liberated woman) ask for my Movement card. People run around muttering about the Third World and other negativities (albeit crucial ones) instead of joining in the rite of affirmation. The spirit is contagious; Skeets and I collaborate on a down flier that probably turns people off to the important health information contained in it.

Equal opportunity lameness. L'art pour l'art; "don't fuck with our music and mindless consumption attitudes a turnoff. Starving Indians pray on the Ganges while sacred cows roam contentedly and a few high-castes make fortunes. The vibe is that everyone would settle for forty acres, a mule, and no more newspapers — even if the land is radioactive and the mule weak from DDT.

Feed your mind also, not instead.

10. Food and water. I hate macrobiotic food, but the ladies of the Hog Farm use magic spices to make it taste f.f. out. No wonder Romney flips when someone mentions "slop." The Farmers cook some fifteen thousand portions for each meal; helpers continue to volunteer even when the lure of free tickets becomes a laugh.

The water scene is sadder. A crisis is averted when purifiers are brought in and lake water becomes available. People step on pipes and stand blankly while precious fluid spurts from the ruptures, people are directed to working wells and mill around until someone with a grain of sense turns a faucet. The contrast between the absolutely energy of the crowd and the zero force of so many of its members is astounding.

11. Leaving is a pilgrimage, with thousands of brothers and sisters of consciousness, revisiting Highway 17B. We get our first hitch when a guy I'm with yells, "Free acid." A guy from Yale who can't stop talking about the wonderful people. Successive hitches are from: a hunter, a suburban office-worker chick who must be the neighborhood acid expert, a kindly old New York City veteran of the March on Washington, and a guy from a town near the fair who's been gining everyone rides since a week before the Exposition.

Our rep is out of sight.

12. Vision of Chicago October Eleventh. Thoughts of street-fighting and strike-first ass-kicking. Armed struggle's nowhere when you're fighting the octopus. Four hundred thou at White Lake, maybe four thou in Chicago. The Movement serves the people?

Final thoughts for a baker's dozen. Long hair doth not a freako make. Many teenybeats and weekenders; nopefully they got turned on. Many speculations about direction and revolutionary content; hopefully it'll be okay.

An introduction for some and a recharging for others. Like the lame joke goes, "You had to be there."

ABE

RAVI SHANKAR

ORCHESTRA HALL ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH '69
8:30 P.M.

CALL 363-0027 DR. JAYANT FOR RESERVATION
THE VIVEKANANDA VEDANTA SOCIETY
5423 S. HYDE PARK BLVD. CHICAGO, ILL. 60615



TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW AT ABOVE ADDRESS AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 10TH AT ORCHESTRA HALL

TICKET PRICES: \$3.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 & \$10.00

MUD CONT'D FROM PAGE 5
glasses of water. Some brothers go to deal with the burn artists. Same guilt syndrome. Sandwich seller wildly waving a two handed 'V', mouthing 'Peace, brother' as the brothers hand his overpriced wares out to the people.

Rip-off. 3: An acid revolutionary finds an ice-cream truck with the keys in it. Jumps in, drives it over to the free zone Hog Farm area, and yells, 'Free ice cream!' Two hundred freaks clean out the truck. Enter the ice cream man, white suit, fat and short, with a State Trooper in tow. He comes puffing down the hill, as the ice-cream thief and six of his friends lean against the truck, and two hundred freaks look on with great interest. 'Arrest him officer, he stole my truck and gave the ice cream away.' Trooper surveys the scene, shrugs, says, 'I didn't see a thing,' and walks away.

ARMANDO



LAST WEEK JEAN-LUC GODARD'S **PIERROT LE FOU**

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Our admission charge of \$1.25 for the Chicago Premiere of this series aims to bring you popular theatre. We would like to bridge the gap between film-makers and audiences. Serious film-makers cannot exist without serious audiences. The fact is, most of the films that are recognized as truly important movies— influential, suggestive works that set people thinking along new lines— are often not greeted with raves in their first showing. We think that the films in this series represent some of the novel directions taking place in movies today. They come from Africa, France, and the U.S.A. They are films that are made with thought and, for the most part, reveal fresh, youthful tendencies in film-making today. Two older films in this series *PICKPOCKET* and *THE FIRE WITHIN* are classic instances of movies that opened some years ago, were badly received, disappeared, and

then have gone on to become among the key works of the past decade. *BLACK GIRL* is the first important film to come out of Africa and signals an emerging cinema from that continent. *LES CREATURES* is another interesting leaf in the Varda folder. (It is not generally known that Agnes Varda was the prime mover of the French New Wave). *SIX IN PARIS* is a consortium film produced by Barbet Schroeder (whose first film as a director, *MORE*, has just opened in New York to rave reviews); it is a good example of young, cooperative film-making. And, finally, Robert Frank's film, *ME AND MY BROTHER*, took three years to make because of endless financial difficulties. Starring Allen Ginsberg, it marks a high point in Frank's stormy career as one of our best experimental film-makers.

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Son of Our

WIN A FUG DREAM DATE

A couple of months ago we came calamitiously close to upsetting the country's hormonal balance. We began a bizarre write-in contest. Winner was to receive a dream date on the town with her favourite Fug. Which we thought was a pretty clever way to hype the Fugs' *It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest*.

But, as the stars would have it, things went wrong.

1. Seven of ten entrants were males. (Which was fine with us, but how, we wondered, would Ed, Tuli, or Ken like



ED

KEN

TULI

waltzing a fan with hairy legs around the floor of the Copacabana?)

2. The few young ladies who dared enter almost without exception ignored our pleas for urbanity. They went into

horrifying detail about their morbid appetites for the Fug bodies.

Witness the entry of this one chick from Reno, Nevada:

"I want to go out with Tuli because I want him to fug me."

All of which was not a little disappointing to us. So we've decided to try again, to revive the contest, just in time, as luck would have it, to hype the Fugs' latest and greatest,

THE BELLE OF AVENUE A.

In an attempt to change our luck (while we stimulate your imaginations) we've changed the rules just a bit:

This time your hundred words or less have to be on the topic Why I Would Prefer A Dream Date With (insert name of fave Fug) To One With Warren Dorn. (You may substitute the name of any decency crusader you like better. Mr. Dorn, of course, was the Los Angeles official who made the mistake of inaugurating a city-wide decency campaign the last time The Fugs blew into town.)

As before, the winner will receive an all-expenses-paid evening with his or her favourite Fug. 99 runners-up will get a free copy of Supervisor Dorn's *Selected Speeches* in paperback, when and if he selects them. All will get a dull form letter imploring them to purchase *The Belle Of Avenue A*.



The Fugs, much to the dismay of most of Burbank, are

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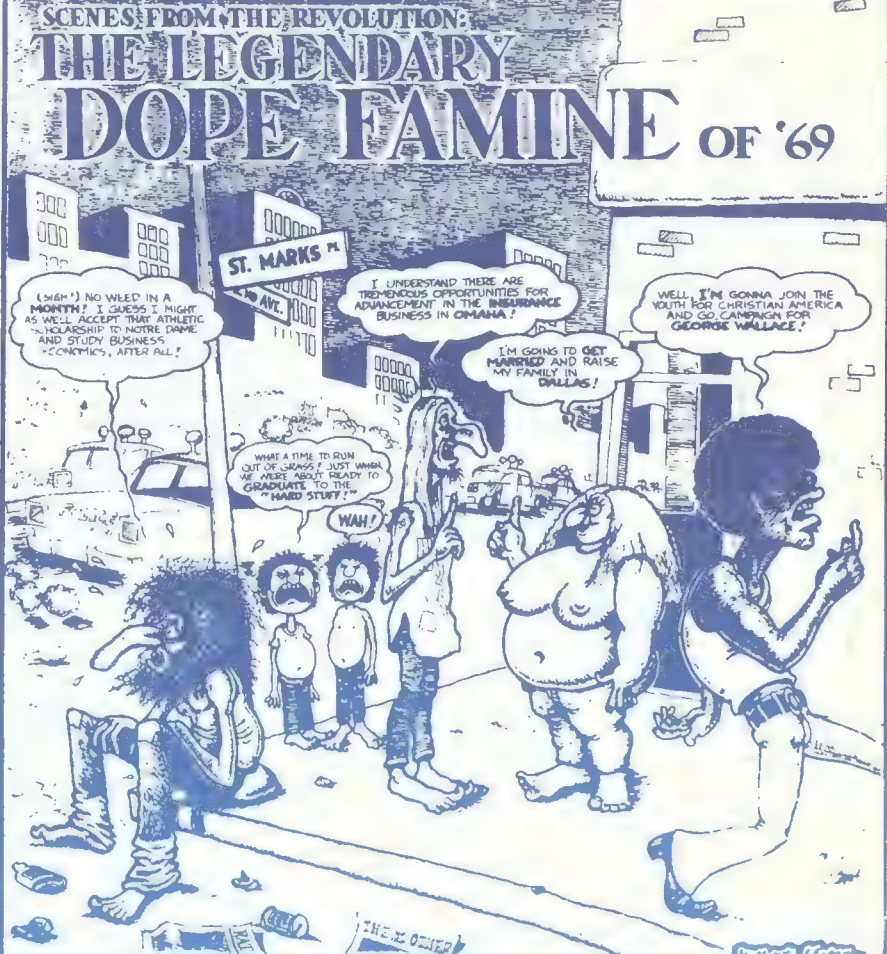
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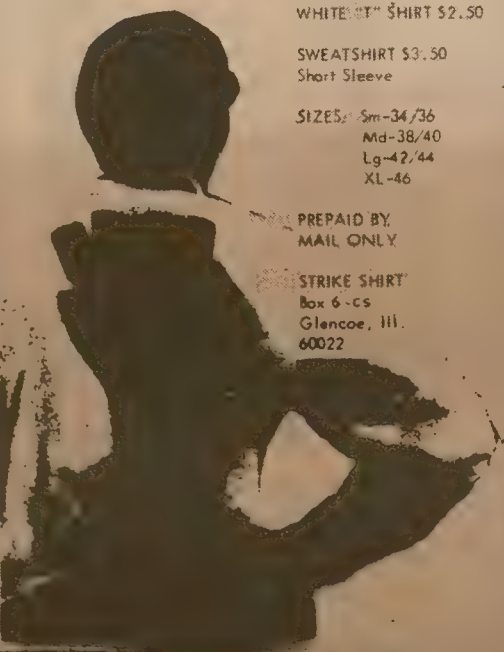
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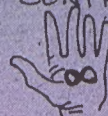
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THE FOOD FRONT:

There aren't many places left where you can shop on a dime. One is the High-Lo on Lincoln, just north of Irving. Like all supermarkets, you have to watch for items they make up their discounts on. At High-Lo, it seems to be milk and bread products.

Canned stuff for a dime:

soups, juices, vegetables (all sorts: beans, corn, greens, etc.), jelly, baby foods and juices, soda (12 oz), pork rinds, onion rings, gravy (or pkg.), instant mashed potatoes (or pkg.), spaghetti (or pkg.), herring, olive oil (very small bottle), pepper, mustard (hot & reg), pork & beans, pizza sauce, cat & dog food, spam, evaporated milk (both major brands), spanish rice (or pkg.), vanilla extract (bottle), sweet red peppers, cider vinegar, cinnamon & non-pareils.

Other foodstuffs for a dime:

Jiffy cake & muffin mixes, chocolate syrup, cocoanut, chocolate wafers and cookies, salted nuts and peanuts, rice (instant), marshmallows, tea bags (16 in box), puffed wheat, raw popcorn, cracker jack & similar shit, salt (1 lb.), puddings, crackers (7 oz), egg-spaghetti and elbow noodles, packaged gravy seasoning, iced tea/orange & lemonade mixes, oven-ready biscuits (2 kinds, 10 in pack), Sunnybrook oleomargarine (1/2 lb. roll).

Household Items for a dime:

dustpans, breadbaskets, plastic spatulas, dish sponges, 3-way plates, hangers, cups, wooden & paper matches, calendar, soap box, pot holder, jar rubbers for canning, small envelopes, mucilage glue, fly swatters, can openers, bottle caps, petroleum jelly, notebooks, hairpins, toothbrushes, Zippo flints, pencils (3), mustard/ketchup dispensers, insulated glasses, paper cups w/holder, styrofoam cups, toothpicks, plastic utensils, sandwich boxes, ice trays, butter dishes, silverware sink drainer, candles, plastic bowls, lunch bags, shoe polish, baby plastic pants, bubble bath, napkins, nylon headbands, sponges, epsom salt, non-caloric sweetener, small Linc bleach (1 qt.), small scrub brushes, soap, pot cleaners, cleansers (Bab-O, Bon Ami), mothballs, starch, lighter fluid, etc.

Meat:

Meat prices need watching. However, they tend to be a little cheaper than usual.

Produce:

Very good prices and quality. Last time there: blueberries—3 boxes for \$1, cucumbers—10¢ ea., green peppers—10¢ ea., corn—6¢ an ear, tomatoes—19¢ lb.

Miscellany:

Soy sauce & Chinese Bead molasses—15¢ Gerber baby foods—11¢, Syrup—2 for 29¢ (24 fl. oz.), Yeast—8¢, coffee cakes—29¢, orange juice in carton—29¢ (1 qt.), ironing board cover pad—59¢, maraschino cherries—11¢, larger cans of vegetables—11 to 19¢, white tuna—3 for \$1.

In the Freezer:

TV dinners—3 for \$1, french fries—2 for 25¢ (9 oz), ALL 11¢—juices/hand size pizzas (sausage & cheese)/vegetables/hot tamales/waffles.

Have personally tried many of the foods. They're good. A living testament that the "Buy Brand Name" ads put out by Ad Council are bullshit. Although much of this stuff is brand name, the best "find" is that Brand X is sometimes better.

Food is strength
UNIVERSITY IN EXILE

The Silvercup Bakery at the Corner of 55th and Federal, 1 block from the Dan Ryan Expressway7 loaves/\$1 Do noughts ½ the normal price.

T-Bones at IH East Gate Do Not Exist produce man comes 2 times a week at irregular times 3pm

Another warning came from a reader on getting packages from overseas: "I hope you will publicize a fact I had to learn the hard way. Do NOT accept or open any package from overseas which has a tiny blue stamp mark on it with the words U.S. Customs. It has been opened for inspection. Not knowing this, I opened such a package and was shortly raided by eight assorted cops and agents, and am now charged with possession of hash for sale."

The following recipes, save for Marshall's yogurt are from a really keen book put out by the Navy "Dare to Excel in Cooking" You can't buy it anywhere, but if you send a quarter to Navy League of the United States, 818 18th St NW, Washington DC 20006, they will send it to you.

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP (25, 1 cup portions or 6¼ qts)

2 tbsp salt 5¼ qt warm water
6 cups chopped onions 1 qt cold water
1 lb finely diced bacon 2¼ cups instant mashed
2¼ cups instant mashed potatoes
2¼ cups dry, nonfat, milk
1½ tsp pepper

1. Chop onions and set aside for use in step 2.
2. Saute bacon until lightly browned, add onions, and continue sauteing until onions are transparent. Drain, set aside for use in step 4.
3. Sprinkle nonfat milk on warm water, stirring gently until almost dissolved. Allow to stand fifteen minutes.
4. Add bacon and onions, bring just to a boil. Remove from heat.
5. Add cold water to milk mixture.
6. Combine potato granules, salt, pepper.
7. Add to milk mixture, stirring constantly. Bring just to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer fifteen minutes.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE (25, ¼ cup portions or 4¼ quarts)

1 cup sliced canned mushrooms
3½ 6 oz cans tomato paste
4 tsp shortening ½ cup liquid mushroom
4¼ cups chopped onion 1¼ cups hot water
3 tbsp dehydrated garlic 3 crumpled bay leaves
¾ lbs finely ground beef
1 tsp sugar 2 tbsp salt
½ tsp cayenne pepper 4¼ no. 303 cans tomatoes
¾ tsp oregano

1. Drain mushrooms and set liquid aside for use in step 2. Melt shortening; add mushrooms, onions, garlic, beef, and salt. Cook, stirring frequently until beef is well browned.
2. Mix in tomatoes, tomato paste, mushroom liquid, water, bay leaves, sugar, cayenne pepper, and oregano.
3. Cook over low heat for 2 hours. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking. If necessary, add more hot water to keep sauce from becoming too thick.
4. Skim off excess fat from sauce before serving.

MARSHALL'S HOME-MADE YOGURT

4 cups milk
4 TBS natural yogurt to start
2 cans condensed milk (14 Oz)

Directions

Heat milk to boiling, add yogurt & condensed milk, stir well. Put yogurt into a stone bowl or something similar and cover with something like a towel to keep it warm. Put in a warm room for 8 hours and then in the refrigerator for 2 hours.

BAKED RICE MILANAISE (25, ¼ cup portions)

2½ cups rice ¼ cup minced onion
6 chopped, hard cooked eggs
¾ cups minced green peppers
2½ cups ground cheddar cheese
¾ cup + 2 tbsp shortening
¾ tsp paprika (optional)
6 cups tomato puree
2¼ tsp salt

1. Cook rice according to instructions on package.
2. Combine eggs, cheese, rice, and seasonings. Set aside for use in step three.
3. Saute vegetables in shortening; add to rice mixture.
4. Add tomato puree and blend.
5. Pour equally into each greased roasting pan.
6. Bake at 350 F for 25 minutes
7. Garnish with grated cheese if desired.

→ CONT. FROM PAGE 7

wise, so the kids play in the park sans permit and the city even provides the power.

After some garbage food from the Taco Place, which Rick insisted was delicious we faded to suburbia.

"We brought sleeping bags, we'll sleep in the back yard."

"But we have some cots."

"No, we really want to sleep outside."

(Uptightly) "You two aren't married? I mean aren't you?"

Well waking up in someone's ¼ acre back yard is not quite the same as waking up to the sun at the Media Conference in Ann Arbor, and is more confusing than anything else.

Blind without my contacts, I squinted at the sky and someone's metal contraption which I guess was a compensation for not having a tree in which to put a tree house. . . and those houses! IK UGH (yellow exclamation point) Maybe some day the trees will unite and reclaim the land. . .

Toast that last tab of acid to a beautiful Saturday and it's off to downtown Saginaw. We visited the head shop and bought the hash pipe. Their inventory was rather sparse and dated; beautiful posters that you saw in the Haight two years ago and an extension of the bookstore down the street in the back room.

Downtown was a drag so we headed for the park, too early for music so we wandered around with our dogs, passed out Seeds, and made ourselves sick on the torture devices in the playground. Soon some of the cleanest looking kids you've ever seen started to drift into the park. Ironed blouses, creased blue jeans, see through blouses seeing through to bras. Just no sloppy clothes anywhere. Noone was into dope, just wine and beer and looking at each other and being looked at. Pigs were non-existent, but the atmosphere was very strange; for so many people out to have a good time, noone smiled. One fact was evident as the bands began to set up, there is a lot of money in Saginaw. Most of the bands ranged in age from 15-20 at the most; most of the equipment (not including instruments) ranged from \$3-5000.

Most of the groups were pretty mediocre, save for Sand which was far fuckin' out! (red exclamation point).

Must say the park was OK. We went tripping back to suburbia and couldn't quite get into food. While waiting to eat I looked over Rick's shoulder and some guy was putting up a For Sale sign in front of the house next door. We'd only been there a day and already the neighborhood is up for grabs.

Fell out over some opium for a few hours and then went off to the second night of the film fest. But Rick was hungry again so we stopped at the Taco Place and consequently got to the flicks late and were told.

"Sorry it's all full."

"But we're from the Seed, we're supposed to be reviewing it."

"Sorry."

"Sorry."

I wonder if Roger Ebert sits on the front steps of flicks he's supposed to be reviewing and eats tacos.

Oh well, I imagine you'll hear about some of the films showed there, some were pretty good and it was a pretty good trip anyway.

luv, terry

CHICAGO SEED

We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed 929-0133 (terry) 2628 N Halsted Chicago Illinois 60614

MUSIC

The Kinetic Playground 4812 N Clark. We called the Playground, but they didn't know who they were having as far ahead as the weekends of Sept 12-13, 19-20 so if you really want to know call 784-1700 Tuesday nite is audition nite for local talent and the best thing about it is it's only a \$1

The Aragon Ballroom 1106 W Lawrence had the same stroy so call LO 1-8323 for info.

Earl of Old Town 1615 N Wells has Fred Holstein appearing from time to time, the week of the 7th they will have Dwayne Story and at the end of Sept Friend and Lover will come back.

Super jam sessions every Weds nite at 8:30 All musicians welcome, bring your own equipment. Set groups Fri & Sat adm 50 cents to \$1 House of Omar 43 E Dormer on the boardwalk in Aurora call 896-8796

The Old Town School of Folk Music courses start again Sept 8th for info call 525-7472 or 525-7621 Call the same numbers if you are interested in Folk Dancing or the Sunday Sings.

New Sphere Coffeehouse 104th & King Dr Sept 5th Monterey Hand. Sunday nites 'Newsreel films' The Backway Coffeehouse has closed and is under new management.

ROCK CANTATA thursdays 7 & 9pm 'City in A Swamp' at the Center for New Music 2236 N Lincoln

AACM Concert every Weds 8pm at the Hyde Park Art Center 5236 S Blackstone Donation \$1.25 for info call 955-9542

The James E Fu ques Blues Band plays every Weds at the Fillinf Station 12 W Maple

THEATER

Basement Repertoire theater is always trying to get new people in. If interested call Gary Trick at AU 7 5888 from 10am -6pm, 8pm-10pm

Sat 8pm UNITY, a theater coop presents "The Experimental Audience" a series of theater workshops with audience participation at the Unity 656 W Barry

Center Stage 4715 N Broadway 728-8930 presents "Carnival" at 8:30pm fri & Sat til Oct 18 \$2.50

Second City 1616 N Wells 337-3992 presents "Old Wine" at 9 & 11pm Fri, 8:30, 11 & 1am Sat; 9pm Sun \$2.95-\$3.95

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each week= ly session Call 549-1002 for more information

The Theater on The Lake is closed for the summer...see you next year.

Hull House Theater 3212 N Broadway is temporarily closed, watch the calendar for re-opening

CALENDAR

Chicago Reperatory Co, 2515 W 69th presents "Futz" an off broadway play. Fri-Sat 8:30. Dinner theater \$3, students \$2.50 discounts for groups of 20-25 people Call 321-5395 for info.

Old Town Players 1718 N North Park "Illinois Community Festival" includes 3 one act plays Sept 11,12,13,14 at 8:30 \$2.

FLICKS

Playboy All Nite Show 1204 N Dearborn 944-3434 Only \$1.50

Sept 12 Cincinnati Kid
Sept 13 Ming Conquers the Universe
Sept 19 25th Hour
Sept 20 Underground Film Festival
Sept 26 What's New Pussycat?
Sept 27 Thomas Crown Affair

Clark Theater Clark at Madison \$1.25, 85 cents with Student ID

Sept 9 world w.o. sun/sky above mud below

Sept 10 slave trade today/woemn of the world

Sept 11 a nous la liberte/italian straw hat
Sept 12 le million/ gates of paris
Sept 13 last millionaire/under roofs of paris

Sept 14 "m"/ cabinet of dr. caligari

Sept 15 collector/seance on a wet afternoon

S.ept 16 diabolique/repulsion
Sept 17 lord of the flies/the servant
Sept 18 lady vanishes/ the 38steps
Sept 19 lesson in love/devil's eye
Sept 20 all these women/smiles of a summer night

Deadlines for entry to the 5th Chicago International Film Festival is Sept 15 For info contact MI 2-3111 or MI 2-3348.

ART

The Way Into The Way Out exhibition of photography film and other various unclassifiables for viewing pleasure Thru Sept LIVE FROM CHICAGO 501 N Clark Call 828-9724

MUSEUM GUARD phases and processes of Work in Progress by Richard Lessac now showing at the Art Institute every Weds, Fri & Sun

Sept 1- Oct 6 our own Karl Heinz Meschbach will exhibit paintings and drawings at Garret Theological Seminary 2121 Sheridan Rd Evanston 8-5pm Mon-Fri

The Liberation Church is sponsoring an artists' market for community creators Sept 14 If you are interested in showing or helping Call 929-1719 Ask for Phil

COMMUNITY

2pm almost every Sunday Concerned Citizens of Lincoln Park meet Call 348-6842 for more information.

Lincoln Park Twon Meeting the 3rd Weds of each month. Community Review Board(police & community relations) 4th Wed of each month Both at the Church of the Three Crosses 1900 N Sedgwick 8pm

Po-lice Community Council of the 18th District meets on the 2nd Tues of each month at the courtroom 113 W Chicago Ave at 8pm

Po-lice Community Council of the 19th District meets on the...on the... well we called the 19th district and whoever was on the desk didn't know, so if you want know I guess we can't tell you to call the 19th district.

SPECIAL

Reincarnation talks by Eunice and Felix Questions and discussions FREE Sheraton Hotel 505 N Michigan, Sept 22, 8pm Man in Life and Death Sept 29 8pm also Free for info call 668-1570 ask for Felix.

"50 Years Bauhaus" an international exhibition of more than 2500 artifacts generated by the famous German School of design 9am-5pm daily, Sat 1-5 Illinois Institute of Technology 3300 S State \$1 Call 325-9600 ext 433 for info

Mexican Independence Day Celebration 1pm on State St For info call 523-5721

"Free emotions and free love" is a speech to be given at the college of Complexes 105 W Grand at 9pm Sept 6 by John Kearney Tuition is \$1

Adler Planetarium FREE open 9:30-4:30 (Tues-Fri til 9:30) Public Sky Show(50 cents) for Sept is "The Mysterious Sky"

Ravi Shankar is going to give a concert Sept 19 at 8pm Give is not the word, however, he is doing it for some funky church group Tickets are \$3 to \$25. \$3 will get you the back two rows of Orchestra Hall Call 363-0027 if you are still interested.

Sat & Sunday late afternoon Outdoor Black Arts Festival at the Afro-Arts Theater 3947 S Drexel WA 4-2140 All black artists are invited to participate.

Go see the groovy new wall on the building at 247 E Ontario.

Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park squirts water nightly and has a pretty fair light show from 9-10pm (10:30 on concert nights) Seedlings are notorious for giving out free samples in the area.

NIGHTLY NIGHTLY NIGHTLY

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays.

Earl of Old Town Live Folk Music 1615 N Wells Really fine music and folks 9-4am

Music at the Tuna Fish 1700 Maple(The Old Student Union) in Evanston For now it's Saturdays only 7:30-12:30

TUESDAYS Poetry workshops at the Bookstore/Storefront from 8-10pm 25 cents 2478 N Lincoln Public viewing Northwestern Univ. Dearborn Observatory every Fri nite from 8-9 and 9-10 FREE but call for reservations 492-7651

THE QUIET KNIGHT folk music entertainment by popular stars 9-2am 1311 N Wells. By far Monday nite is the best night. Call 944-8755

CAFE PERGOLES 3404 N Halsted coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover no minimum

ITS HERE 6455 N Sheridan Rd Coffeehouse with folk singers and satirists. Daily 8-1am Fri & Sat til 2am \$2.50 Call Sh 3-2667

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nite Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds costs 75 cents Fri & Sat cost \$1 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154

The Blue Gargoyle is closed for the CADRE pot luck dinner info call CADRE Sat between 11-7 664-6895

Museum of Science & Industry 9:30-4 daily Sun 10-6 Free to get in but some of the neat things inside cost maybe as much as 50 cents.

The Art Institute is free open daily 10-5 pm Thurs 10-8:30 Sun 1-6 Michigan Ave at Adams St.

Grant Park concerts at the Grant Park Band Shell, Columbus Dr at the foot of 11th St Weds & Fri 8pm Sat 8 Sun 7

Flora and fauna fans may wallow in the green daily 9-9 at Garfield Park Conservatory 300 N Central Park or Lincoln Park Cons. 9-5 Stockton nr Fullerton

THE CENTER utilizes Eastern & Western ways and "non-ways" in the development of the human soul. For reservations write or call 140 N State 641-5695

FRIDAYS Cental YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnight Farwell Hall 19 S Lasalle Open to the public admission is 75 cents

Poetry readings every Friday nite from 9 pm on at the DOOR 3124 N Broadway Closed Thursdays.

FREE LECTURES given at the Loop Scientology Center. WEDS Write for free tickets to Wm. J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Ill 60623

Street Theater Workshops at the Wellington Church 615 W Wellington every Weds nite at 8pm for political minded freaks who want to do their thing in the streets

WEDNESDAYS poetry readings at Alices Restaurant 9pm til midnight or til or even if Alices stays open..

The Vanguard Bookstore is closed.

The Oxymoron at the First Church of Lombard, Main & Maple features food drink, music discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 50 cents;

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided Mon-thru Thurs 7-2; Fri noon til 2; Sat Sun 2-2

SATURDAYS Outdoor Black Arts Festival at the Afro-Arts Theater 3947 S Drexel All black artists are invited For info call WA 4-2140

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players. every Fri&Sat 9-1am Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured.

WEEKENDS Geja's Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri& Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30-1:30 No Cover Charge

Myopia Coffee House Wed, Theater, poetry movies, Fri, Sat, sun all types of Musical entertainment \$1.50 males \$1 females coffee, tea, or cider, pastries 8pm 8344 Niles Center Road.

TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD TRIAD

PROGRESSIVE UNDERGROUND MONDAY THRU FRIDAY NOW ON TWO STATIONS
ON WXFM (106) from 9 to 12 and on WEBH (93.9) from 12 to 4am

EARTH READ-OUT



Keith Lampe

Postscript 1969, Spaceship Earth, in , Age: People Working Together in Ecological harmony.

1

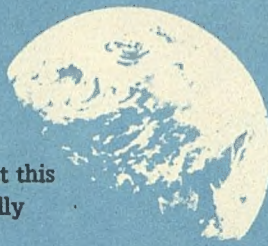
The modern theater has lost the significance of being an emotional purge for the masses. Some creative minds have been aware of this loss and tried to re-establish a theater for the people. Max Reinhardt transformed a circus into a theater and established "a theater for the thousands." To be effective artistically and to function in the service of mental hygiene, the theater of today must be a "theater for the millions" —even more, it must be a theater for all.

—Ernst Simmel

The electronic media provide us with the stage that will project to the millions. Slowly the content is emerging that will allow for the creation of the ritual whose enactment will symbolize the transformation of man into a being of wholeness. Imagine the effect of Christ on television.

2

So the question here is revolution
And everyone is crying out for a necessary revolution,
But I don't know if enough people have understood that this
Revolution would not be real as long as it was not physically
And materially complete,
As long as it would not turn and face man,
Face the body of man himself
And decide once and for all to demand that he change —Antonin Artaud



Most revolutionaries intuitively recognize the validity of these words, but a careful perusal of the statements of Eldridge Cleaver makes it obvious that a cleavage exists between the present awareness of the ridiculousness of violence and a paranoia-laden rear-view-mirror approach to the problem. They remember the experience of the Jews and forget the burning example of Gandhi. They stand at the crossroads, facing the Sphinx. Crucified.

Those who hope to survive the unbearable stresses of this ever more dessicated world must learn to abdicate all values and strivings that do not flow directly from the deepest needs of the self. A good part of our adult life must be spent in the process of de-conditioning behavioral impulses that those "far wiser" have stuffed into our trusting minds. We have the Pisgah view, but must spend "forty years" in the wilderness realizing it. The saving remnant exists in the hearts of those utterly unswayed by the forms that hypnotize the great majority of our fellows.

The difficulty is increased by the co-occurrence of two simultaneous revolutions: the third-world revolution which involves equal distribution of material wealth; the revolution in life-style carried on in the post-capitalist countries by affluent youth whose actions symbolize the lack of any sustaining value system to handle the problems that are occurring. Their interaction can be either frictional or generative depending upon how conscious those involved are in differentiating their separate focuses.

3

Our present method of "pay for work" through which we now distribute the work represents a timid fraction of such re-investment capacity. Unemployment is actually time secured, and should be re-invested in education. If only one person in one million made one new discovery or prime invention this would pay for all.

—Buckminster Fuller

Life and education are now synonymous. The environment itself is the great teacher. Those who create the spaces through which we move are programming us for our future. Buildings that look like IBM cards can only produce neo-cortical automatons. We must generate spaces that provide opportunities for the exploration of new realms of

USE IT
or
LOSE IT

being that man is presently encountering. The youth, in particular, are symbolized by spaces that induce catatonia and force the dying energy back into the individual's own psyche. Channels must be opened in order to allow this new found energy to express itself in modes of being that will be beneficial for all. Education is not a process of stamping out a product. People are not automobiles. We now have an electronic technology which will allow us to create an individual program for everyone, with the individual writing his own program as soon as he is ready. Conformal mapping instead of processing.

4

All of American life is a vaudeville act with the nigger at the end of the line. —Unicorn

America has a history that speaks of assimilation without integration. It is a constantly bubbling stew that is not fit to eat. The church on every street corner speaks of the evil in the land that keeps one apart from oneself. It is approaching omega point—about to crystallize—only conscious direction of this process can avoid the holocaust that threatens on all sides.

We need an inner transformation that would generate the energy necessary to repair the destruction that our completely outered life has visited upon the entire ecosystem. Only the opening up of new inner channels will enable the system-as-a-whole to drain off some of the energy that is now building up, explosively, at certain localized points. The old symbols are not able to contain the new energy. The goose step once shook off the goose flesh, but the flag no longer brings tears to the eyes. Authority is shifting to the within, and we must remember that "God" is the ultimate fascist.

5

Today's mysticism is tomorrow's science. —Marshall McLuhan

The enormous shift of psychic energy in the direction of yoga, macrobiotics, astrology, palmistry, meditation and other attendant disciplines is indicative of the failure of the predominant Western system of values to provide a structure of meaning for those who are now involved in the process of defining themselves. Hiroshima is viewed as the direct outcome of the scientist's attempt to completely control the world—a world that the young want no part of. Their quest for self-knowledge has produced much over-reaction in terms of attempting to import alien disciplines into a cultural situation that is utterly different from the one in which the discipline prospered—so we have blacks dressed in dashikis, muttering a few words of Swahili or Arabic, licking ice cream cones as they stand on urban street corners—hybrids—few will survive; nature's price is heavy.

Thus those who settle for a simple shift from their failed Western heritage to recently imported Eastern doctrines are little different from those True Believers who made possible the ascendancy of Hitler or Stalin. The path through the present wilderness is a razor's edge that leads from the darkness of nihilism to the clear light of the noosphere. Only the marriage of Faust and Shiva will provide the relief we need.

6

On the physiological level I suppose the problem is linked with the fact that we carry around with us a glandular system which was admirably adapted to life in the paleolithic times but is not very well adapted to life now. Thus we tend to produce more adrenalin than is good for us, and we either suppress ourselves and turn destructive energies inward or else we do not suppress ourselves and we start hitting people.

—Aldous Huxley

Stress and the flow of adrenalin which accompanies it is one constant factor in an environment which grows ever more chaotic. It produces an effect on the autonomic and endocrine systems that is easily seen in the enormous rise in drug addiction, alcoholism, schizophrenia and cancer diseases whose progressive deterioration indicates a serious imbalance between man and the eco-system-as-a-whole. An imbalance that soon will be purged by a plague: the system's means of reasserting balance through crystallization in a particular direction. Other indications of stress upon the gene-pool-as-a-whole include the amount of chromosome breakage and the vertical rise in population. Purification is coming.

Epilepsy, which Reich called psychic orgasm, is one means the body uses to clear the circuit—temporarily restoring autonomic/endocrine imbalance. This is not much different from the updated form of primitive ecstasy-bearing shamanism that is currently being pushed as a solution to the problem of systemic imbalance. It is an obvious regression under the duress of information overload. Yoga, a form of self-hypnosis, is a higher stage of this process producing a control which allows for selective regulation of all incoming stimuli—standard equipment in an environment that bombards the individual on all fronts 24 hours a day—providing one with the ability to produce all the states which are now considered to be paranormal (telepathy, precognition, astral travel, etc).

Since evolution, in America, is now under social control, the use of the neo-cortex (a tool which is shaping the meetings of cybernetics and evolution) in an ecologically aware manner becomes the prime task of every conscious being.

7

We must understand that a totally new society is coming into being, one that rejects all our old values, conditions, responses, attitudes and institutions.

—Marshall McLuhan

The game is about to change. Man is on the verge of becoming something else. The choice is in our hands and depends upon the aware application of the energy which our technology has recently loosed upon the planet.

Listen:

The enemy is invisible;
He is everywhere.
The friend is invisible;
He is everywhere.
Which one will you be?

—Ira Einhorn, % ERO
439 Bynton, Berkeley Calif.